



The Silent Worker

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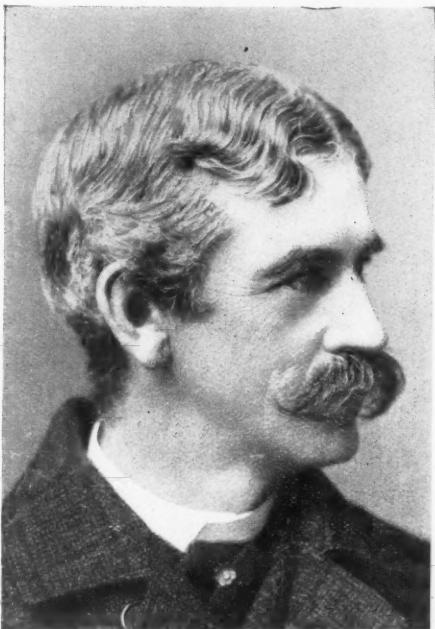
"The foundation of every State is the education of its youth."—Dionysius.

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DOES IT PAY? IT CERTAINLY DOES



AMOS G. DRAPER
Professor, Gallaudet College



W. L. HILL
Editor, Athol, Mass.



JOHN B. HOTKISS
Professor, Gallaudet College.

[The following is the address made by Supt. S. T. Walker of the Missouri School for the Deaf at the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the Kansas School for the Deaf at Olathe, which was held at that school November 25th. Mr. Walker has at different times, been at the head of the Kansas, Illinois, and Louisiana Schools.]

HIIS little interrogation is the test applied in life's activities. In the commercial field it is most common and the careful business man realizes fully as much profit from eliminations here and there of unprofitable experiments and long hidden leak-holes as he does from the income of sources of undoubted stability. But the same test phrase can be and is applied with equal intensity to all human affairs—domestic, social, political, educational, religious, and while we do not always expect the answer to be given in dollars and cents, yet the answer, to be of value, must be positive.

I was asked to present on this occasion some thoughts in the subject of "The Deaf as Citizens," but if you will allow me I will change the title to the one I have chosen as perhaps better fitting the assembled thoughts that have come to me while considering the deaf—the educated deaf—and the place they have made for themselves in that part of the social fabric we sometimes denominate "citizenship." This query "Does it pay?" arises in my mind for the reason that on the one hand the aggregate monetary outlay for the edu-



JAMES H. LOGAN
Microscopist, Allegheny City, Pa.

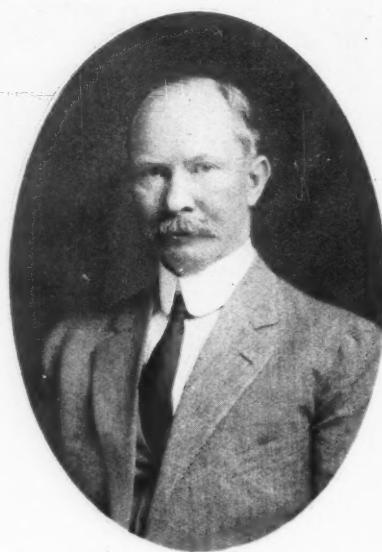
cation of the deaf children in the United States is astounding and a mighty good showing of results should be demanded. When you consider that there have been expended in the physical preparation alone—in buildings and grounds for schools for the deaf—an approximate total of sixteen millions of dollars and that nearly three million is the annual expenditure in this country for carrying on this special branch of educational work, you will be interested in knowing something of the results secured for the enormous outlay.

There are 145 schools of all kinds paying special attention to the education of the deaf and to date these schools have enrolled a total of about 68,000 deaf children and given to them the light that comes with an education, a light, too, that shines with the excessive brilliancy that would be expected when turned upon an intellect found in almost total darkness. Shut out from communication, according to normal standards, with their fellows, these 68,000 dormant intellects have been awakened, ambition aroused, and human endeavor set in motion toward carrying out the multitudinous activities of life side by side with their more favored brothers. Not only the intellect but that which is worth while in life is developed—the so called finer feelings, the brotherhood of mankind and the conception of immortality—the corollary of all true education.

These schools have not been content with mental training alone but considered it their bounden duty to fit their handicapped children so that in life's race they may keep in the run-



DR. JAMES L. SMITH
Editor and Head Teacher, Faribault, Minn.



EDWIN ALLAN HODGSON
Editor, New York City



GEORGE W. VEDITZ
Editor, Teacher, Poultryman, Colorado

ning and become producers instead of the receivers of charity and inmates of our almshouses. Industrial training proceeds hand in hand with the scholastic. A very fair insight into, if not mastery, of one of the following trades taught in our schools for the deaf is given: Art, baking, barbering, basket-making, blacksmithing, bookbinding, bookkeeping, bricklaying, broommaking, calcimining, carpentry, chalk-engraving, cementing, chair-making, china-painting, construction work, cooking, clay-modeling, coovery, drawing, dress-making, electrical-working, engineering, farming, floriculture, gardening, glazing, harness-making, leatherworking, mattress-making, millinery, nursing, painting, paperhanging, photography, photo-engraving, plastering, plumbing, pottery, poultry-farming, printing, sewing, shoe-making, sign-painting, sloyd, stone-masonry, tailoring, tin-work, iron work, woodcarving, wood engraving and wood turning.

Of course not all these branches are taught in any one school, but usually five or six trades are at the choice of the student. Neither do the students always follow the trade they studied at school, but the training given fits them to keep up some other which environment or circumstances lead them to choose.

Quite a number (over 900 in fact) of the 68,000 have essayed a more advanced scholastic training than our public state schools offer and have matriculated in the national college for the deaf maintained at federal expense in Washington, D. C.

And right here I may add, by way of tickling the pride of our loyal citizens, that in music, art, medicine, surgery and some of the sciences it is usually considered that for the highest and best training one has to apply to Europe, while the converse is true as regards deaf-mute education.

It would be impossible to tell of the success and failures of the 68,000, but close enough tab has been kept to warrant the general statement that, as a rule, the educated deaf have succeeded as property owning and taxpaying citizens to a degree equal to, if not exceeding, a like number of persons with normal faculties selected from all grades of society, as are our deaf school children. They marry and are given in marriage. They raise respectable families of children who usually have all their faculties. And these children of the educated deaf present a generation which is blessed indirectly, but none the less surely, by the educa-



P. L. AXLING
Journalist, Seattle, Washington.



A. L. ROBERTS
Editor and Teacher, Danville, Ky.

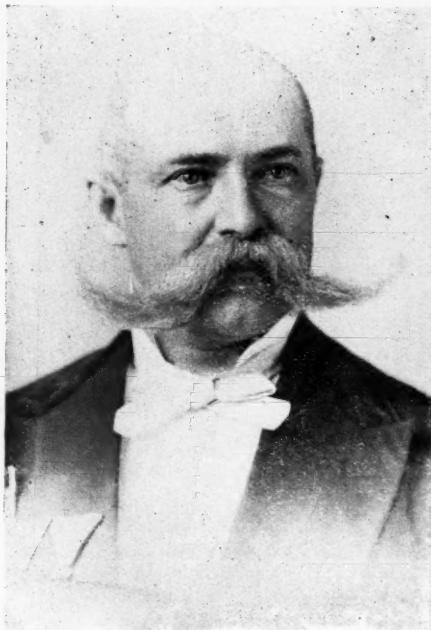
tion their parents received through the expenditure of a fraction of this enormous aggregate I am endeavoring to shape into a real asset of our nation. In my own limited acquaintance with these children of the second generation, may I not mention a few? The founder and, until recently, the honored president of our national college for the deaf is a son of this 68,000, and he delights to relate the impressions and inspirations received at his mother's knee—impressions that led him to high achievement and caused his praises to be "sung" by the hearts of thousands of the deaf all over the land; another son of this same deaf mother spent his life in founding and carrying onto a splendid success religious missionary work among the deaf, resulting in the erecting of a church exclusively for the deaf in the city of New York.

The son of another deaf mother (if I mistake not) was for more than a quarter of a century the controlling head of the great New York Institution for the Deaf. A son of deaf parents is now and has been for many years the head of the Colorado State School for the Deaf and Dumb. The son of other deaf parents is now the head of the Nebraska State School for the Deaf.

A minister of the gospel of a large church in one of our greatest cities received his first religious instruction from the fingers of his deaf parents. Three sons of deaf parents are valued teachers of the deaf and a fourth of the same family is a talented musician. One of the millionaires of St. Louis is the son of deaf parents who were formerly teachers in the Missouri School for the Deaf at Fulton, and he made every cent of it himself. His parents were of the 68,000 concerning whom we are endeavoring to discover—"DOES IT PAY?" And the list might be lengthened. Each of these sons just mentioned as of the second generation have normal faculties and, we must own, most acutely normal.

But let us return to the original 68,000 within our purview and especially to some of the living ones and "live ones" who are "making good"—exceedingly good:

In the realm of art there is Douglas Tilden, a sculptor of international fame, creator of many of San Francisco's beautiful statues and public fountains and numerous other works of art—he is one of them. There is Cadwallader Washburn, of Minneapolis, New York City, and the world, (principally the world!) son of United States senator Washburn, and



JACQUES LOEW (deceased)
Manufacturer of Plush and Leather Novelties

the creator of paintings and etchings that command the highest praise of art critics—he is one of them! And so are Jacques Alexander, of New York, and Granville Redmond, of California, both artists of national repute.

Of the 1,700 teachers of the deaf in this country 285 of them are themselves deaf graduates of our schools—a part of this 68,000, and two of them are regular college professors. Two others are principals of schools for the deaf. About sixteen have become ministers of the gospel, regularly ordained, courses and are serving deaf congregations and working as missionaries. Several have become inventors, among whom I recall Mr. Spear, the patentee of "Spear's envelope." Mr. Spear graduated at the Minnesota School.

Mr. Tilley, of California, has invented and patented an appliance to simplify mail distribution on mail cars and is receiving a growing royalty for its use, the government and the railway mail service recognizing its worth.

Nothing daunted, the realm of poetry too is not without its representatives. One of the early graduates of the Missouri School, Mrs. Laura Redden Searing, under the pseudonym of "Howard Glydon," wrote so well as to have as her publishers such firms as Hurd & Houghton of Boston and J. R. Osgood and to receive praise from Whitter. Others have become editors and publishers of newspapers, making and unmaking political aspirants and the "glint of their steel" was respected in their community just as though they were not of the 68,000—Booth, of Anamosa, Iowa, for instance, and Hill, of Athol, Massachusetts, and Barnes, of the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

As chemists we recall just at present Dr. George T. Dougherty, head chemist of the American Foundries Company, Chicago, Illinois. Dr. Dougherty was not born a doctor nor a head chemist. He was a little deaf and dumb boy over at the Missouri School in Fulton once—one of the 68,000, later a graduate of Gallaudet College but now an authority whose contributions to scientific publications are quoted and even translated into foreign languages—DOES IT PAY? Another, a graduate of the Louisiana School, Gallaudet College and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, has an office in Atlanta, Georgia, where he is a consulting chemist and assayist.

As architects and superintendents of construction there is Olof Hanson, of Seattle, who



OSCAR REGENSBURG
Retired Businessman, Los Angeles, Cal.



JAMES P. BURBANK
Photo-Engraver, Boston, Mass.

draws plans and superintends the construction of \$200,000 buildings as easily as he might a \$5,000-dwelling. He is now employed by the state of Washington, in constructing a state building and at odd hours, as recreation, manages the affairs of the National Association of the Deaf, of which he is president—he, too, was one of the 68,000. One of his peers in architecture is Mr. Marr, of Nashville, Tennessee, another graduate of the college.

Mr. James Logan is a microscopist and instructor in the Western University of Pennsylvania, though once he was a little boy in the Pennsylvania School for the Deaf.

Frank Gray, an Illinois farmer's son, is now a skilled maker of the finest optical and scientific instruments in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. I knew him when he was one of the boys at the Illinois School for the Deaf—DOES IT PAY? Another Illinois boy I remember, a mighty "green" looking Irish boy he was, too, but a hard student and full of pluck. He is now Dr. McCarthy, state botanist for North Carolina, and one of the 68,000.

Mr. Williams, of San Francisco, is one of the leading contractors of public works in the State and formerly majority owner of an irrigating plant in Oregon. He was one of them, too, and he's proud of it and thoroughly believes that it does "pay!"

Then there's an investment broker by the name of Howard up at Duluth, of the Howard Investment Company. He knows his business.

Several we know of have become skilled engravers and designers for magazines. One has become a successful dentist, another in Iowa raises seed corn of his own propagation and selection and gets \$2.50 a bushel for it; another originated the variety of currants known as the "Fay Prolific" and earned \$40,000 from it—did you say it "paid?" And one of your Kansas boys, I am told, is smart enough to get a dollar a dozen for watermelon seed of a variety he raises.

The government likes some of the bright ones of the 68,000 enough to have kept in good salaried positions some three or four in the Chicago post-office for twenty years or more, and in the various departments at Washington there are twenty odd holding good positions.



JOSEPH G. PARKINSON
Patent Attorney, Chicago, Ill.



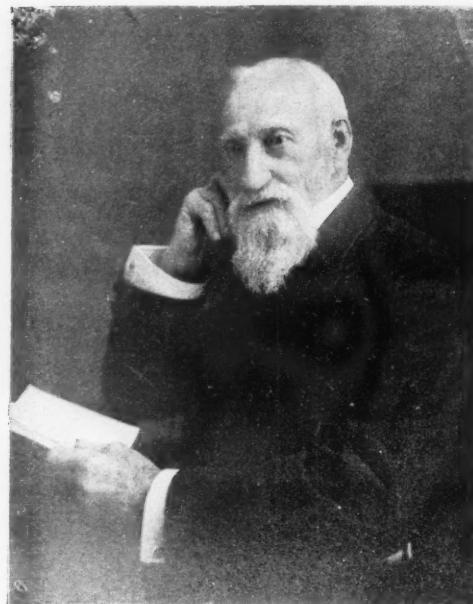
MRS. SYLVIA CHAPIN BALIS
Teacher, Belleville, Ontario.

I know also of at least three good, yes, superior photographers—Pach, of New York, Fawker, of Cairo, Illinois, and, Hainline, of Evansville, Indiana. The latter two were boys at the Illinois school. They are both happily married now and own their own galleries, the leading ones of their respective cities.

Duncan Cameron is an expert dairyman, having a large herd of cows under his control and teaching other deaf boys how to do it.

George W. Veditz, of Colorado, was a little boy at the school in Maryland, later graduate of the college, teacher and president for six years of the National Association for the Deaf. He is also president of the Colorado Poultry Growers Association. He is an incisive writer and translator of French and German, but he belongs to the 68,000 clan and is proud of it.

Then—there is Oscar Regensburg, of Los Angeles, a retired business man, who however is always busy. He is the secretary of the National Association of the Deaf and about a year ago organized a movement to collect funds for a moving picture library intended to preserve the "living" signs in speeches made by the prominent men in the profession such as Dr. Gallaudet, Dr. Fay and others. His organization and push resulted in a fund of over \$5,000 being collected for the purpose. I knew him as a boy in the



W. H. WEEKS
Teacher, Hartford, Conn.



SAMUEL G. DAVIDSON
Oral Teacher, Philadelphia, Pa.

School and Gallaudet College and for nearly twenty years has been the successful head of the St. Louis Day Schools for the Deaf, and has built up a thriving church in the meantime.

A graduate of the New York Institute has won the title of the champion life saver of the Brooklyn corps and has to his credit the saving of some thirty lives.

Mr. Phelps, of Carthage, Missouri, is the owner of a large stock farm and big bunches of "show me" mules, but he prefers to ride an automobile of his own.

Coming right down to your own state of Kansas, you need only to look around you to see Mr. Arthur L. Roberts, formerly one of the little boys in the Kansas School, later a graduate of Gallaudet College and now teacher of the advanced class and editor of the *Kansas Star*.

Also Miss Meldrum and Mr. McIlvaine, former pupils and now successful teachers here.

Mr. Emmette W. Simson, a graduate of the Kansas school, later spent one year at Central College at Great Bend and the State Agricultural College. He is owner with his brother of a large farm and stock ranch near Canton, Kansas, and is active in public affairs, being delegate to the County Republican convention and president of the Central Kansas Association of the Deaf.

And little Frank Mikesell, as I remember him when he first entered this school, a bright



DR. THOMAS F. FOX
Head Teacher, New York City.



GEORGE MORRIS McCLURE
Teacher and Editor, Kentucky.

Illinois School. He afterwards graduated at Gallaudet College; was an editor of the *Exponent*, one of the best papers ever published in the interests of the deaf; later owned and managed a large job printing establishment in Chicago, and now is interested in mines and real estate in California.

Rev. James H. Cloud was another Illinois farmer boy who graduated at the Illinois



ROBERT P. MACGREGOR
Teacher, Columbus, Ohio.



J. H. MACFARLANE
Teacher and Writer, Talladega, Ala.



MISS ALICE C. JENNINGS
Poetess and Writer, Mass.



MISS GEORGIA PELL CURTIS
Writer, Chicago, Ill.



MISS ANNABELLE KENT
Author, New Jersey.

little deaf boy with snappy brown eyes, afterwards finished his course here and later at Gallaudet College with the degree B. A. contributes to the State that educated him another educated farmer who mixes brains with the soil, owns a farm and is now paying his taxes back to the State to help support her institutions.

Ellsworth Long, a former pupil of the Kansas School and graduate of Gallaudet College, conducts a successful restaurant and bakery at Amorita, Oklahoma.

Paul Mark, another of the little fellows, operates a large shoe shop and leather store. His shop is equipped with up-to-date machinery and he does a big business in Odgen, Utah.

Hugh M. Harbert, a former pupil here, has been teacher and foreman of the printing office of the Colorado school for the past thirty-three years.

Henry G. Sickel and his brother Joe own with another brother a large hide and leather house in Leavenworth. Henry travels for the house throughout the state selling leather and buying hides.

Ansel Williams, who graduated in 1886, has for twenty years been foreman of the Missouri School cabinet shop and one of the best officers in the school.

Harry G. Hower, one of the bright little boys twenty years ago, after graduation was made foreman of the bakery and now owns a



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MRS. MARY TOLES PEET (deceased)
Poetess, New York City



MILLE. YVONNE PITROIS
Author, France.



MISS IONA LUCAS
Pianist, Conn.



From Harper's Magazine.—Copyright, 1884, by Harper & Brothers.
MRS. LAURA C. REDDEN SEARING
Poetess, California.

thriving business in Olathe and pays his taxes without a grumble.

G. Walfrid Anderson was another of the little boys, now head of a nice family, a taxpayer and for ten years has been foreman of the printing office at the school.

This school has also sent out to other states the following teachers, most of whom graduated at Gallaudet college: Mr. and Mrs. M. S. Hayes, Mazie Britt, B.A., Iona Tade, B.A., Ethel Eaton, B.A., Mary Gillman, B.A.

Possibly the most widely known deaf professional baseball player is Luther H. Taylor who is known and loved by the "fans" all over the country and is called by the pet name of "Dummy Taylor." Luther got his training under the writer "by proxy," that is, so far as the baseball part goes, but he laughingly reminded me a few years ago of the special training season he and I used to have privately in the back office, and he is manly enough to admit that it brought out the kinds for which he now is truly thankful, though at the time the paddle seemed as warm as did later some of the balls he stopped from the bat. However, Luther "made good" and for years was considered the best pitcher for the New York Giants, and I will venture a guess that he has had paid to him by the magnates a total of not far from \$35,000. He has kept himself a clean upstanding man through all the temptations that naturally befell him. He



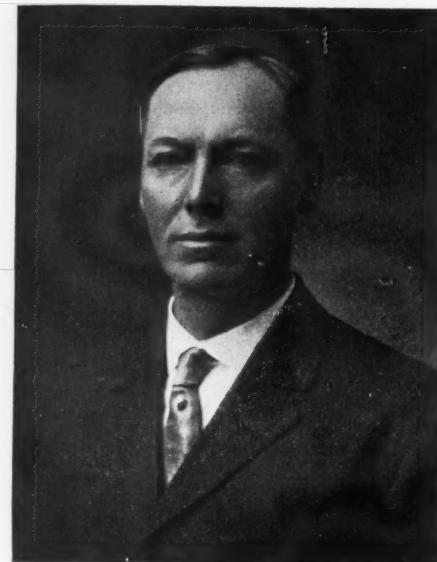
ANSON R. SPEAR
Manufacturer and Inventor, Minneapolis, Minn.

is a tax-payer of Kansas and his *Alma Mater* is fortunate to secure his services during a portion of the year as Physical Director and Athletic Coach, and it goes without saying that his influence over the boys is of the best.

And so I might go on in a talk likely to become wearisome to my hearers, numerating the known successes our deaf men and women are making, but it would be impossible to complete the list.

Compare a city of 68,000 population and I doubt if as many successful men and women could be found as I have enumerated, and I have only skimmed the surface. Of necessity there are some failures but the grand total of successes, of happy, prosperous families, of tax-paying, law-abiding citizens, made so by such schools as this one, far outweighs the failure and I submit that it does pay!

Thus, on the fiftieth anniversary of doing business, I have endeavored to strike a balance and on the debit side I find that you have invested here some \$300,000 in permanent improvements, but as these are to serve continuously for years to come we will set that off by itself. On the debit side also I estimate that you will have in fifty years spent approximately a million and a half in dollars to carry on the work. On the credit side of the account I find you have had a total of about 1,200



ANTON SCHROEDER,
Inventor and Manufacturer, St. Paul, Minn.

deaf children whom you have contracted to make over into good, productive, tax-paying citizens; into men and women with purposes and aims to carry out and with happy lives before them, and as expert accountant for this special occasion I render my part herewith in these words: IT DOES PAY.



JAMES S. REIDER
Lithograph Artist, Philadelphia, Pa.

Deaf and Dumb Artist

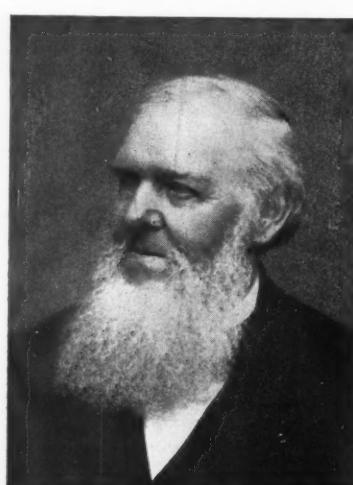
HEAVY a deaf mute reaches the top of his chosen calling he is worthy of double honor. H. Humphrey Moore, an American artist residing in Paris, is both deaf and dumb; but in spite of these physical defects, his achievements rank among the first of the great painters of today.

Nature seems to have compensated him for the drawback mentioned.

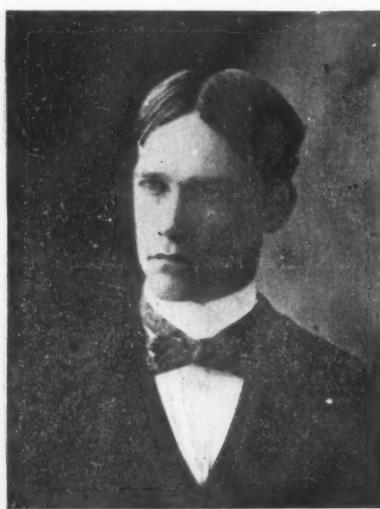
Though the sound of voices can never be heard and the sweetest of music can not charm a deaf ear, yet when free from the cares of brush and easel, he whiles away the hours by sign-language and by written conversation.

Humphrey Moore and his charming Spanish wife converse together as freely with their hands as others do with their tongues. He is even eloquent in the expression of his emotions. Once I saw him express contempt for a man who had been guilty of a rudeness. Never before had I realized so well that there is a language of the eye, of the hand, of the face, of the brow, of the whole being, as well as that of the tongue.

Born in New York some sixty years ago, Moore studied under Gerome at the famous Ecole des Beaux Arts, where so many other



EDMUND BOOTH (deceased)
Editor, Anomosa, Iowa.



GEORGE FRANK WELLS
President Board of Directors of his School district,
Malvern, Iowa.



A. B. DAVIS
Boat Builder, Sandusky, Ohio.



W. F. CRUSSELLE
Circulation Mgr., Atlanta Constitution.



DOUGLAS TILDEN
Sculptor, California.

Americans learned the lessons which led to fame. And when in later years Moore had won as much distinction as his master, Gerome expressed his approval by the words: "All I have to say is that I am proud that you have been my pupil. Moore has lived so long in Paris that Frenchmen claim him as their own, just as Englishmen claim Sargent. He has been exhibiting in the salon for thirty-seven years.

Frankly idealistic, Moore is an all-around painter who adorns every subject he touches. Most artists run in one particular groove. Henner painted a red-haired, sickly girl in his youth, and kept on painting her till his death. Bongerau painted a manicured and pedicured beauty, and not even Miss Gardener, the strong American painter whom he married, could give him a new subject. Chelminsky paints Napoleon and nothing more. Alexander Harrison will keep on painting seascapes as long as he lives, and more power to his elbow. Ridgway Knight has painted a girl in a garden for the past forty years, and may he paint her for forty years more. And so on.



JACQUES ALEXANDER
Artist, New York City.

But Moore goes to Morocco, Spain, everywhere for his subjects, and does them all well. He is a portrait painter also; above all, a por-



RUDOLPH JANIK
Artist, New York City

successful Orientalists. He is a pioneer in Japan and helped to open up the wondering eyes of the old world the sanctuary of Japanese art. Long before Pierre Loti published his entrancing romances of the desert, and while "The Light of Asia" was still in the womb of time, this deaf and dumb American artist and scholar was pursuing his studies in old Japan before it had taken on Western civilization. He has sixty Japanese panels and his collection of Japanese life sketches are surpassingly beautiful. He has brought from the land of mikado pictures of red-flowered gardens, of quaint almond-eyed little men carrying big parasols, of cherry-blossomed landscapes, of gardens of living waters, of tatted men and women, of interior views of decorative art. He has given us the Japanese sky, trees, and flowers and life.

Although he is not a specialist, if he leans a little more on one side than another it is in the direction of the Flowery Kingdom.

Next to Japan, the country from which Moore has drawn most of his inspiration, is proud old Spain. Moorish Spain has been his special delight. Dead glories never rise, said

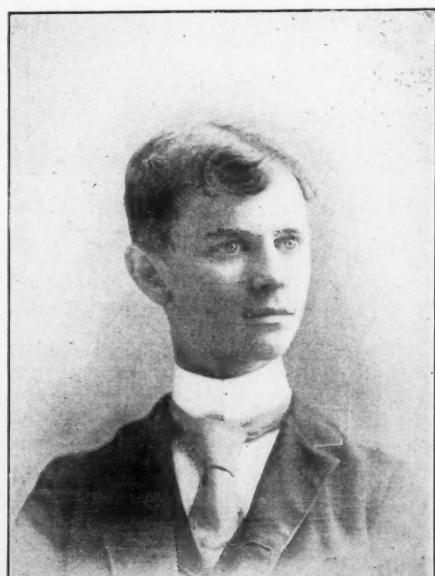


ALEXANDER L. PACH
Photographer and Writer, New York City

trait painter of beautiful women and children. Moore is one of our most sincere and most



THOMAS MARR
Architect, Nashville, Tenn.



CADWALLADER L. WASHBURN
Artist, Minnesota.



F. P. FAULKNER
Photographer, Illinois.

Hanns Taylor, American minister to Spain, when viewing the Alhambra, yet the glories of Spain's greatest palace are immortalized on canvas from the brush of the deaf-mute artist from New York. Though Moore's tongue be silent, here at least the eloquence of his brush is Demosthenic. Some of his views derive additional value from the fact that the parts of the Alhambra which they show have been destroyed by fire and never live again save in these precious pictures.

To Andalusia, the Spanish province of beautiful women and handsome horses, the Kentucky of Spain, Humphrey Moore goes to paint his *Carmens* and his *Dolores*. Ravishing portraits indeed are they with the dark

mantillas and the burning black eyes. No wonder he loves to paint Andalusian beauties for Mrs. Moore is a dark-eyed daughter of this far-famed province. And she is not only his guide, philosopher and friend, but his companion and comrade, proud of her gifted husband, and translating into classical French or into softly-spoken English his sign-language.

Mrs. Moore is a grand dame of Spain and the painter has been zealous to win fame, not only for his own sake, but in order that at least the reflected glory of her husband might fall upon the fascinating Spanish woman. Those who have not known of Andalusian birth have wondered at the strange signature—Isabel del Moore. The participle *del com-*

oined with the American patronymic *Moore*, has puzzled them.

From Spain to Morocco is only easy transition. Other American painters have essayed Moorish pictures with success. Such, for instance, is Frederick Arthur Bridgeman, who has painted many pictures of the dusky beauties of Morocco. The sad note of Moore's Moroccan pictures is unique. There is one which recalls "the Broken Pitcher" of the Louvre Museum of Greuze. It is "La Cruche Cæsée," or "The Broken Pitcher of Morocco." An adorable Moorish girl clothed in the richest costume stands sadly reflecting by the side of a playing fountain. The melancholy note of the vanity of human wishes is dominant.

A Film Treatise on Instructing the Blind

SELIG'S "WOLCOTT COOMBS"—(FROM MOTOGRAFHY)



WOLCOTT COOMBS AND HIS TEACHER, HARRY L. VIRDEN



OTOGRAFHY for February contained an article entitled, "A Blind Boy's Interest in Pictures," which attracted a great deal of interest on account of its very unusual nature. The boy, Wolcott Coombs, himself has now been made the subject of a remarkable film—or rather two films. One of these is a half-reel for regular release, dated April 5. The other is a much longer treatment, about 1,500 feet or so, for lecture and scientific purposes, and is a special release.

The first, or popular subject, shows Wolcott Coombs, the seventeen year old blind and deaf boy—who in three years, under the instruction of Harry L. Virden, has accomplished more than many sighted boys do in twice that length of time—and a partial list of his ac-

complishments, such as expert hammock weaving, caning chairs, reading and writing in the various systems for the blind, using the typewriter, etc. In this country there is no school for the deaf-blind, and very few of those thus afflicted have the proper equipment with which to study. Three years ago Harry L. Virden, then principal of the Oklahoma school for the blind, became interested in young Coombs, who was attending the institution. Without hope of remuneration, Mr. Virden resolved then and there to devote his entire time to perfecting this boy's education and practical training. The film shows the result of his efforts, which are being watched with more than usual interest by educators and physiologists throughout the country. Young Coombs is as ambitious as he is interesting, and is now

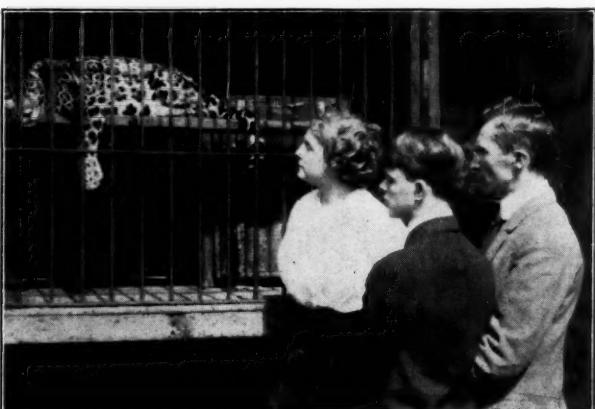
preparing to enter college where he will be taught history, economics, etc., under the direction and tutorage of his old friend and teacher, Harry L. Virden. Later on Coombs hopes to establish a shop where he may direct other sightless boys in the practical arts. But the greatest and most praiseworthy of all his ambitions is the hope that some day he may be instrumental in establishing a school for the deaf-blind in this country where others in his condition may secure the educational advantages that he has enjoyed.

The longer special film is simply an elaboration of the shorter regular one—or rather, we may say that the shorter subject is an abstract of the longer.

Briefly, it may be stated that the methods of teaching of the deaf-blind combine the

methods used in teaching the deaf with those used in teaching the blind. The pictures show first the methods of conversing with the deaf by the familiar manual alphabet and the "sign language," which is really a sort of manual shorthand. These systems, being essentially visual, are not suitable for the deaf-blind, and other methods are resorted to. The simplest is printing letters in the palm of the hand with the end of the finger; and naturally the evolution of this system develops an abbreviated or condensed from analogous to the sign-language of the deaf. The process of reading the types for the blind is shown. There are four systems of blind types: the Moon, Line, New York Point and Braille. The Moon and Line systems follow closely the regular alphabet, and are used mostly by those who become blind late in life and are not inclined to learn the peculiar code used by the New York Point and Braille systems. The latter are used in schools for the blind. There seems to be little choice between them, and it would be a desirable thing if their exponents would co-operate in establishing a standard system, so that all the literature for the blind—none too voluminous at best—would be available to all those afflicted. Both systems, as is perhaps known, consist of series of raised dots. Wolcott Coombs has learned to use all the systems fluently.

An interesting scene in the film shows Prof. Virden instructing Coombs in the use of his vocal cords. This is done by examples. Coombs places his fingers upon the lips of



WOLCOTT COOMBS VISITING THE MENAGERIE

his instructor, while the latter spells upon his hand the word he is pronouncing. The principles of articulation are thus imparted, and while the process is necessarily slow, remarkable progress has been made.

The boy's use of the typewriter, both regular and Braille models (the latter printing the raised dot Braille type) is shown, as well as a sample of his work—which, by the way, would put to shame many a sighted stenographer. He is also shown writing script, which he has been taught to do very well indeed.

The industrial occupations described for the short film are shown in the longer one, with sundry elaborations and details. In this connection it is interesting to know that Prof.

Virden has fitted up a little shop for the boy, who not only attends to the manufacturing end of the business, but conducts the correspondence and keeps the accounts.

Much of the instruction is by means of models so constructed that Coombs may learn their form to the smallest detail by the sense of touch. History, architecture, the drama, geography, etc., are imparted readily in this manner, and Prof. Virden has become adept at making little models of all sorts of things for the boy's benefit.

The process of reading to the boy is also shown. It consists merely of rapid translation by the manual sign-language of the matter being read. It is astonishing how thoroughly posted Coombs has become on current as well as historical events.

The short film will be intensely interesting to the thinking class of people, for it opens a new vista of possibilities in the care of those afflicted with blindness or deafness or, worst of all, both. The more complete special film is really an exhaustive treatise on the same profound subject, with Prof. Virden as the author and Selig as the publisher. And it stands as a monument to their broad humanitarianism; for neither has a thought of financial gain in exploiting the subject. Furthermore, the fact that Coombs was *not* an extraordinary subject is sufficient comment not only on the peculiar fitness of Prof. Virden for his work, but on the practicability of teaching others as Coombs has been taught—when we awake to our duty toward our afflicted.

STRAY STRAWS

BY MRS. E. FLORENCE LONG



GRADUATING CLASS OF THE IOWA SCHOOL JUNE 1912.

Left to right:—Chas Schmidt, Mabel Pearson, Prof. J. S. Long, and His father and mother are standing outside. The cottage is supposed to have been built about 300 years ago.



MR. CHOWINS'S HOME IN CORNWALL, ENGLAND.

a picture of the school on one side and the following printed on the other side:

VISITOR'S REMEMBRANCE CARD

TIME OF VISIT—DATE OF VISIT

This institution maintained by the State of Iowa is not a hospital or an asylum but a school, a part of the general public school system. Admissions are free at any time to the deaf children of school age if of suitable capacity. It costs nothing for board, tuition or books; parents only provide for transportation and furnish the necessary clothing. Desiring to extend the blessings of this free school to every deaf child in the State, correspondence is solicited.

HENRY W. ROTHERT, Superintendent.



There is a deaf man holding the position of Expert Mechanician in the Department of Physics of the University of Nebraska at Lin-

coln, Nebraska. He is well-known to all the students who have attended the University for the past twenty-four years and is popular with all.

This is John M. Chowins, who was born in Stokeclimsland Callington, Cornwall, England, September 23, 1859—fifty-three years ago. Becoming deaf, he was educated at the Institution for the deaf at Exeter, Devon County, England. His education there was completed in seven years and then he learned carpentry and joinery with his father at home. He worked in a sawmill until 1886 when the wanderlust tempted him to emigrate direct to Lincoln, Nebraska, where he had two hearing brothers. There he held a job with the Burlington Railroad for a few months. Then he did some repairing work at the University in the Department of Physics and was given his present position on trial. He gave complete



AST June, there graduated from the High Class of the Iowa School for the Deaf only three—two boys and one girl. They are Messrs. Courter and Schmidt and Miss Mabel Pearson, but they more than make up in quality what they lack in quantity. But the noticeable feature about it is that the whole class expect to enter Gallaudet College in the fall. This was the case in last year's class, when the whole bunch of seven graduates were admitted. The standard of work required by the school for graduation makes this possible.



Supt. H. W. Rothert of the Iowa school always has some original device or the other to enlighten the general public about the status of the school. One of these ways is to give each visitor a card of postcard size with

THE SILENT WORKER

satisfaction in his work and has held his place continuously ever since. The merit of making good is appreciated at the University for Mr. Chowins found his salary raised and raised till it became of such a proportion that he would not have dreamed of asking. His deafness was never taken as an excuse for cheap underpay and the merit of satisfactory work was considered amply sufficient.

At the University, Mr. Chowins has on exhibition a tiny model locomotive which is perfect in every detail and the wonder of all who see it. He has constructed many models of steam engines, locomotives and also built gasoline engines, all of which show the master-hand of a mechanical genius.

A ten acre tract of wooded land on a small island in Apostle Islands, Lake Superior, is a choice possession of Mr. Chowins. He intends to clear and plant it with fruit trees and build a cozy summer home where he and his wife will spend their vacations each year. Mrs. Chowins was Miss Rebecca Marshall, a charmingly pretty graduate of the Nebraska school for the deaf. They already have a very pretty little home on one of the best streets of Lincoln.

Mr. Chowins is something of a globe-trotter, but has been getting acquainted with his adopted land first. He has visited the Black Hills, Yellowstone Park, Colorado, Utah and Montana. He is a great bicyclist and rode more than one hundred and fifty miles in Yellowstone Park. His wheel is used constantly in going to and from work at the University. He has made seven trips across the Great Pond to visit the old "Home, sweet Home" in England. Prior to one of these visits two years ago, he visited Quebec, Canada, and also Montreal, Toronto and other principal Canadian cities. On this last trip he wanted to take his wife along, but she was afraid of crossing the ocean and would not risk trusting the treacherous waters of the immense deep.

Mr. Chowins is a good story-teller and can hold an audience interested by the hour with narratives of his trips. He has an inimitable way of telling how he and his folks grew up in old England with a deep respect for the nobility or aristocracy to whom they would take off their hats and bow humbly as it were. But after a few years in "the land of the free and the home of the brave" with the stars and stripes waving independence over him all this feeling of *caste* dropped away like an old worn-out and discarded coat. And when he visited the old English home, he strutted around like a free-born Yankee and yielded no

homage to the blue-blooded aristocracy, much to the astonishment of his good old parents and old-time neighbors.

It is almost the usual order of things for the

ins has reversed this. He secured a place at the University for a hearing brother who happened to be out of work and who soon made good to the end of being given a permanent and responsible position there.

The English generally lack a sense of humor, but Mr. Chowins is quite an exception, as he has all the Yankee's saving grace of humor, which gets the best out of life.



An autograph copy of a book on Abraham Lincoln, printed in the French language, has just been received from the authoress, Mlle. Yvonne Pitrois, of Tours, France. It is one of the latest literary outputs of 1912 from the pen of this talented deaf lady, who is at home in both the French and English languages. The book has a fine half-tone of Abraham Lincoln with his beloved little son Tad beside him and is dedicated in affectionate friendship to Elizabeth and Joseph Chamberlain, of England, by the authoress.

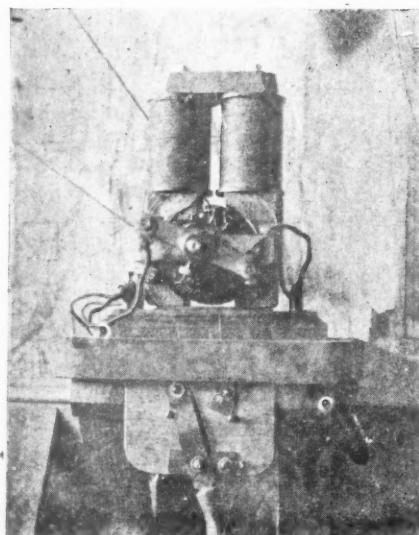


The banquet held on the evening of May 18th by the mid-west branch of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association at Council Bluffs, was a notable gathering. Forty-seven plates were laid, the Gallaudet men and women present numbering something over thirty, which is large considering the meeting is only a local branch. The proximity of the two schools in Omaha and Council Bluffs made this possible. Among the guests of the branch were Hon. U. E. Delzell, Superintendent of Public Instruction of Nebraska; Mr. and Mrs. M. D. Cameron, the latter secretary of the Board of Trustees of the Nebraska School; Senator and Mrs. Saunders, of Council Bluffs; Ex-Supt. R. E. Stewart, Supt. and Mrs. Rothert, of the Iowa School; Supt. Booth of Nebraska; Misses Regnier and Sauter, head teachers of the Nebraska School; and the Misses Watkins and Wilcoxson, head teachers of the Iowa School. Mr. Eldridge, of Nebraska, acted as interpreter. It is hoped that the object lesson in the value of the sign-language will bear fruit with the officials from Nebraska. Out of town Gallaudet people present were: Rev. J. H. Cloud, of St. Louis; Rev. J. P. Hasenstab, of Chicago; Mr. Wm. Lawrence, of Sioux City; Mr. and Mrs. F. J. O'Donnell, of Shenandoah, Ia.; Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Wills, of Mavern, Ia.; and Miss Smahr, of Nebraska. President Waldo H. Rothert, this year's president of the branch, was toastmaster and the toasts were enjoyed even more than the spread which preceded them.

E. F. L.



JOHN M. CHOWINS



ELECTRIC MOTOR
The First Motor That He Made

hearing relatives of the deaf to help them on to whatever jobs they can get, but Mr. Chow-

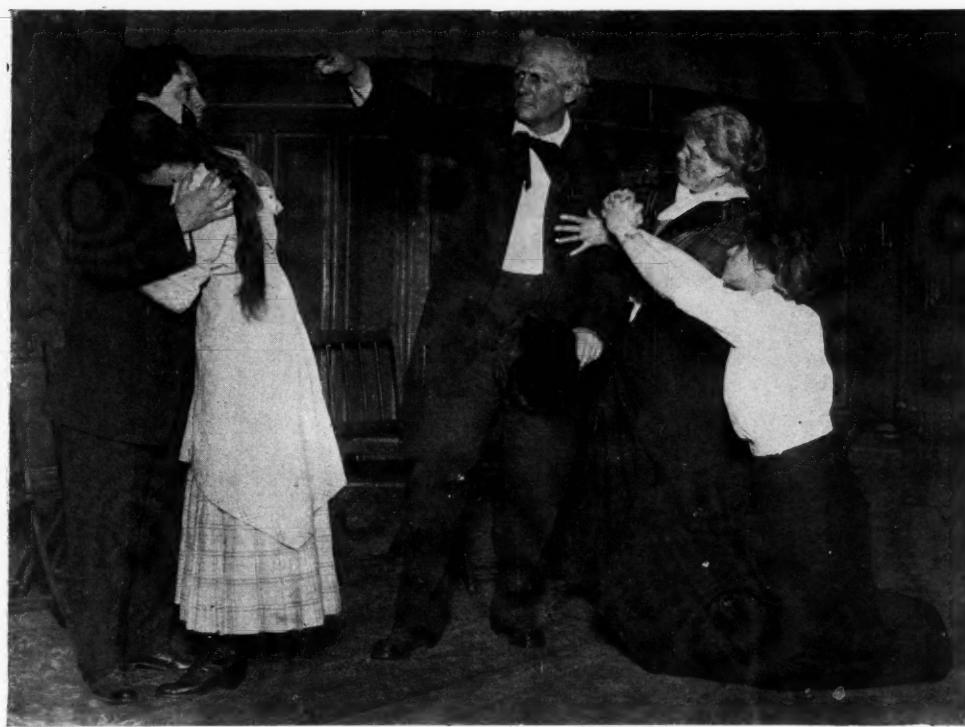


Those in caps and gowns are the Iowans of the graduating class, May, 1912, of Gallaudet College. The others are the Iowa bunch that entered the College last fall



BASKET BALL TEAM OF THE IOWA SCHOOL
The leader, carrying the ball, will enter Gallaudet College next fall

Los Angeles "Frats" Give Theatricals



An "interesting situation" in the play is shown in the accompanying picture, as explained in the following simple words or poses:

Farmar Winthrop, to his daughter, Mabel Winthrop—"Go."
Muffins Winthrop (Kneeling)—"Don't send her away, father."
Oliver Stanhope, comforting Mabel Winthrop—Silent.

Mrs. Winthrop—Pleading.

(Those in group, from left to right, are: Arthur A. Nolen, Miss Ella Duffy, Frank E. Ellis, Mrs. Ellis, Miss Ella R. Roy.



SILENCE made eloquent by gesticulations reigned supreme last night at a performance of "The Old New Hampshire Home," presented by a cast of deaf-mutes, members of the Los Angeles Division of the National Fraternal Society of the Deaf. The performance was held at the Gamut Club and more than three-fourths of the audience were, as the actors, living in a world of silence.

For the sake of those present who could hear, a piano player held forth. Likewise did several of the younger generation in loud and strenuous tones. But through it all the play proceeded, the falling of a chair or the clink of dishes breaking in harshly on the silence.

Weird it appeared to those unaccustomed to the surroundings of deaf-mutes. On all sides fingers were flying as the audience discussed the merits of the play. The actors waxed eloquent in finger talk, played their parts and retired from the stage, all in silence.

A few in the audience applauded occasionally and once or twice some one laughed at a particular amusing point of the drama. But those who heard this breaking of the silence were few.

Pads and pencils were about for those who were not versed in the sign-language to converse, and all of those who dwelt in the world where there is no sound, seemed anxious to aid the visitors, accustomed to hearing the noise and din of everyday life.

Miss Ella Rienhaldene Roy played the part of the heroine, Muffins, a young lady (so said the program) who was not afraid to speak her mind. The role of Oliver Stanhope, the hero and a young blacksmith with brawny arms which he several times displayed to the detriment of the villain, was played by Arthur Watson Nolen. The part of the villain, Ed-

ward Van Dusen, was taken by Leon Arthur Fisk. Farmer Winthrop, a rugged New Hampshire farmer, was played by Frank Eden Ellis and the part of the farmer's wife was played by Mrs. Ellis. Mabel, Farmer Winthrop's daughter, was acted by Miss Ella Frances Duffy. Others in the cast were Ziba Lorenman Osmun in the role of Zeb Watkins, a country boy "up to snuff" and not a bit green, Edmund Milton Price as Micker Mullins, tinker, who later turned policeman; Milton Marcus Miller, as Moses Gazinski, a Hebrew glazier; Simon M. Himmelschein as Rawlings, in league with the villain, and Mrs. Jeanette Dailey Price as Tilly, a maiden aunt.

Time and again the actors received applause. It was silent but fingers were raised in the air and worked furiously.

The proceeds of the play will be devoted to the expenses of two delegates, Milton M. Miller and J. Orrie Harris, to the Triennial Con-

vention of the society at Columbus, Ohio, next July.—*Los Angeles Examiner, April 8, 1912.*

In men whom men condemn as ill,
I find so much of goodness still;
In men whom men pronounce divine
I find so much of sin and blot,
I hesitate to draw a line
Between the two where God has not.

"Here, let me kiss those tears away," he begged tenderly.

She fell into his arms and he became busy. Still the tears flowed.

"Can nothing stop them?" he asked breathlessly.
"No," she murmured, "it is hay fever. But go on with the treatment."

Mac's Musings

TO THANK PROVIDENCE "FOR THE GOOD THINGS WE MISS" is poetically numbered among the virtues. The Alabama School for the Deaf providentially missed being hit by a torando, as ever strikes south of the Mason and Dixon line. But although the School had a miraculous escape from the furious elements, it did not escape being hit by the sensation news-mongers, known as "yellows." The report completely demolished (on the first pages of the "yellows") the Schools for the Deaf and Blind, killing as many persons as would make a good story, and to add to the advantage of their bit of "news," it could not be verified, the telegraph wires connecting Talladega with the outside world having been blown down. No, the Alabama School was not damaged to speak of by the storm, but the damage done to it by the newspapers whose scare headlines brought to the scene of the storm numbers of anxious parents, thus causing a great waste of time, money and energy, was considerable.

Miss Ida M. Wilde, teacher of Art and Sloyd work in the Alabama School has, during the past school year, turned out fancy cabinet-work of such quality and in such quantities as to make her a new rival of those concerns up in Grand Rapids. "Not in the Trust" is one of the mottoes of her shop, and as a result her prices are exceedingly fair. That the purchasing public is well satisfied with her goods is seen from the following unsolicited testimonial from a prominent railroad official who recently purchased an elegant piece of wooden ware from her:

"The book-rack shows splendid workmanship and excellent execution, and I appreciate it very much, and enclose check to cover cost."

J. H. MACFARLANE.



TALLADEGA
COURT
HOUSE

TOWER OF
WHICH WAS
BLOWN OFF
BY TORNADO
MAY 12.


Silent Worker.

[Entered at the Post Office in Trenton as Second-class matter.]

JOHN P. WALKER, M. A., Editor.
GEORGE S. PORTER, Publisher.

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VOL. XXIV. JULY, 1912. NO. 10

Alluring A man recently in Trenton pan-handling as a deaf man "trying to raise funds to get an education," admitted to making an average of six dollars a day. Is it any wonder that there are so many of these imposters?

Hard to Believe Of the fact that Bros. E. A. Hodgson and Wm. G. Jones each received a beautiful loving cup from the pupils at Fanwood School last week we have no doubt; of the fact that they richly deserved them we do not question, but to say that Editor Hodgson "was so overcome that he could only stammer his thanks," is too much, too much. Who ever heard of Brother Hodgson being overcome on any occasion?

The Bi-ennial Conference FINAL arrangements for the bi-ennial convention of the deaf of New Jersey have been made and a full program may be found in another column. The day selected for the occasion, Labor Day (September 2nd) is a general holiday and a time that will meet the convenience of a majority of those desiring to attend, better than almost any other day in the year. The Committee on the school will see that every arrangement is made for the comfort and enjoyment of visiting members, and a good time as well as a profitable one may be looked forward to by those expecting to be present.

Renewing the Home Ties WE feel some pleasure and pride in filing an account of our stewardship for the scholastic year ending June 15th. The hundred and sixty boys and girls placed with us in the fall of 1911 have grown and spread mentally, industrially, physically and morally "like green bay trees," and we are able to pass them back to their papas and

mammas, the finest, healthiest, brightest lot of little folks that ever went out from a school for the deaf. It has been a year of peace, pleasure and progression, and in returning them to parental hands, we do not feel that we can hope for more from the "dear ones at home" than that they will safeguard all their interests as we have.

**A Loss to
the Work**

indeed a sad one. During the later years of his life he made a study of these three classes and of their needs, and made some contribution, almost daily, either in money or suggestion, looking toward their betterment. He met every question concerning them with an "open mind" and discussed it fearlessly and without bias, not being wedded to any opinion or warped in his judgment by the circumstance that he was making his living by the use of a particular system or method, and his presence "in the ring" went quite a distance in moulding opinion and making the trend in all matters relating to these unfortunate classes, in the right direction. In the Hall of Fame, where the benefactors of the deaf are memorialized, may well be placed the name of W. W. Wade.

**The Lure of
the City**

It is scarce to be wondered at that the deaf prefer urban to suburban life. The farm brings them complete or almost complete isolation, the city, brightness and beauty, and the society of those whose thoughts and feelings and methods of communication are their own. Perhaps the most conducive of all things, in our large cities to the happiness of the deaf are the little churches that are being established everywhere. These are not only religious centres to them but intellectual and social ones and as such bring into the lives of the communicants a happiness that can be obtained in no other way. As an example of what these may do we may cite All Souls' of Philadelphia. Some three hundred of Pennsylvania's deaf get surcease from sorrow there, and as an instrument of good nothing could be better than this little church. That it should grow and widen in its influence comes as a matter of course and the twenty-five thousand just added to its resources by a friend comes as a testimonial to its worth and in appreciation of the splendid work it is doing. With this and the fund already raised it is proposed to build a larger church upon a larger and better-located site.

On June 3rd, the Building Committee of the Commission on Church Work among the Deaf took the preliminary steps to purchase a site for the new edifice. The lot is on North Sixteenth Street, about two hundred feet north of Allegheny Avenue, and measures 75 x 198 feet. This is much larger than the present Church lot which is about 51 x 100. Allegheny Avenue is a fine wide residential street and has double trolley tracks.

running east and west on it. The location is considered a very desirable one. The purchase price is \$8,000.

When the new church is finished it will probably be the finest possessed by any congregation of the deaf in the world, which is well, for there is no community of the deaf in the world more deserving than the one centering around All Souls.

Fate's

Decree

TAKEN the world over there is in every eighteen hundred persons one who is totally deaf. Sometimes the one is a pauper, sometimes a prince. No one knows where the blow will fall. In one of the eighteen hundreds in Spain is the little prince Don Jaime and fate has decreed that it is he that henceforth shall be shut out from the music of the world. Not all the wealth of the wealthiest monarch that ever lived, Croesus, could alleviate in any measure the condition of his deaf son; but times have changed, and little Prince Jaime will get language, lip-reading and speech, and move among his fellowmen, but the peer of any; and he'll be a king in all but the baubles, the insignia and the name.

The Flint Holocaust

THE close of the scholastic term of 1911—1912, closes the career of the time-honored school for deaf children at Flint, Michigan. It had survived the onslaughts of time and disaster for over half a century, when a bolt of lightning planted the seeds of destruction, and today the once beautiful building is a mass of ruins. A new and much more beautiful and better appointed building doubtless will rise from its ashes, and yet, the interruption of the work and the great loss to the state are much to be regretted.

**Why,
Asylum?**

MISGUIDING and misleading as the name Asylum is, as applied to the thoroughfare running in front of the School for the Deaf at Hartford, there would seem to be good reason for changing it, and to make it Gallaudet Avenue, as suggested by Mr. Kilpatrick, would appear to be fitting in every way.

YOUTH'S WARNING

Beware, exulting youth, beware,

When life's young pleasures woo,

That ere you yield you shrieve your heart,

And keep your conscience true!

For sake of silver spent to-day,

Why pledge tomorrow's gold?

Or in hot blood implant Remorse,

To grow when blood is cold?

If wrong you do, if false you play,

In summer among the flowers,

You must atone, you must repay,

In winter among the showers.

SCHOOL AND CITY



THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT—COMMENCEMENT, 1911.



GARLAND DRILL—COMMENCEMENT, JUNE, 1911.

Home again.

Did you get a "prize."

The dumb-bell drill was fine.

Only eleven weeks till school opens.

The long-looked-for summer is here.

The usual crowd attended the closing exercises.

Louisa Beck is "making good" as a monitor.

Quite a number of the ex-pupils were visitors on the 30th.

Mary Sommers will spend the summer at Swedesboro, as usual.

Gottfried Kreutler has been appointed one of the monitors for June.

Eddie Edwards ventures the prophecy that New York will win the pennant.

Young robins are very scarce this year. Can it be on account of Jimmy Squirrel?

Word comes from Frank Hoppaugh that he has quite regained his former health.

Quite a few of the larger pupils propose coming to the Convention on Labor Day.

Mother Hubbard and the Ymma girls were as fine as anything Mrs. Porter's kindergarten ever did.

Rose Hucker has an invitation to visit Paterson next summer, which she is strongly inclined to accept.

Alice Battersby received a pretty little present from her teacher on Wednesday, a reminder of her birthday.

The hardest shower of the season marred the festivities of Decoration Day. Fortunately none of us were out in it.

The babies of Miss Bousfield and the advanced ones of Mr. Sharp were equally good at the 'Commencement.'

It kept the printing force on the jump to finish the work that had accumulated on their hands before school "broke up."



LEAD KINDLY LIGHT
Sign-Recitation at 1910 Commencement.

The courtesies of the Broad St. Theatre was extended to us on Friday afternoon, and we had a splendid moving-picture treat.

To Edna Snell, Saturday is the best of all the days of the week, the principal reason being that it always brings her a letter from her mamma.

The pupils witnessed a collision between a wagon drawn by a big bay horse and a boy on a bicycle last Friday afternoon, in which the boy was knocked insensible.

Our neighbor Mr. Fisher picked up Mr. Walker, Jessie Casterline, Helen Bath, and May Lotz in the park on Sunday and gave them a twenty-five mile run.

The recitation of the "Recessional" by Arthur Blake, Jemina Smith, Frieda Heuser and Ruth Ramshaw was most excellent, Arthur's articulation being especially fine.

The last meeting of the Teachers' Association was held on the afternoon of the 6th of June, when the sixth year course of study and affairs incident to the closing were discussed.

Anna Robinson says she is not going to take advantage of her mother's kindness, but that she is going to be just as obedient to her as she is to her teacher when she gets home.

Harriet Alexander's father was unfortunate enough to lose his horse, last week. Too bad that it occurred just as Harriet was going home, for she gets so much enjoyment out of driving.

There have been three circus parades during the month, all good ones, and all passing within a block of our door. Did we see them? Well: we do not want to be accused of frittering away any time.

Paul Reed no longer requires a chaperon. He takes the boat to Philadelphia, walks up to Broad Street Station, catches his train, goes down into Marlyland, visits his friends and returns, "all by himself."

Miss Vail has given her pupils little blank-books in which each is to keep a diary during the summer, the two furnishing the best résumé of the summer's doings to receive prizes for their work. An excellent idea!

The printer boys spent Thursday evening with Mr. Porter, their visit was largely in the nature of a conversazione almost the only game being "who can eat the most ice-cream," a game in which they all seemed to win.

Miss Vail's father has been a visitor with us for several days. The Indianapolis school, with which he has been connected for fifty-three years, closed on the 5th, and this gave him an opportunity to visit the eastern schools.

Perla Harris got a whole crate of strawberries from home a few days ago. We thought Miss Perla would spend at least a brief sojourn in the infirmary after such a largeness of blessing, but she weathered the storm.

The Carnation Drill was one of the prettiest things we have ever had on our platform. The dresses worn by the girls were nearly every one of their own making, and the little girls themselves; but we do not wish to turn their heads.

We shall have to devise some plan to make our industrial department less efficacious. It often makes our children good workmen before they are good scholars, and the factory takes them from us before they are half through the academic department.

PUBLIC OPINION

BY J. H. CLOUD



THE tenth annual banquet of the Gallaudet College Alumni Association, Branch of the Middle-West, was held at the Grand Hotel, Council Bluffs, Iowa, May 18, at eight p.m. The Association this year has the following officers: W. H. Rothert, '98, President; Mrs. E. F. Long, ex-'92, Vice-President; Harry G. Long, ex-'05, Secretary-Treasurer. The following committee was in charge of the affair: W. H. Rothert, '98, Chairman; J. Schuyler Long, '89, Mrs. Ota Crawford Blankenship, ex-'03.

The following was the

MENU

"Honest bread is very well—it's the butter that makes the temptation."—Jerrold.

Cream of Chicken	
Radishes	Olives
Boiled Fresh Halibut, Parsley Sauce	
Parisian Potatoes	
Roast Veal with Dressing	
Brown Potatoes	Stewed Corn
Lettuce and Tomato Salad	
Wafers	
Vanilla Ice Cream	
Chocolate Sauce	Cake
Demi Tasse	

Among the guests of honor were: Supt. Rothert, of the Iowa School for the Deaf; Supt. Booth, of the Nebraska School for the Deaf; Ex-Supt. Stewart, of the Nebraska School; Mr. Dalzell, State Superintendent of Instruction for Nebraska; Mrs. Cameron, of the Board of Directors of the Nebraska School; Senator Saunders of Iowa, and the head teachers of both manual and oral departments of the Iowa and Nebraska Schools.

*Yet thou art welcome, welcome as a friend,
Whose zeal outruns his promise.*—Wordsworth.
TOASTMASTERW. H. Rothert, '98.
*May we have keen wit, but never make a sword
of our tongues to wound the reputation of others.*
—Anon.

By way of introduction the toastmaster remarked:

Now that we have refreshed the "inner man" or rather satisfied the cravings of hunger—let us bring to each the keener enjoyment which comes with "food for thought."

Always remember this admonition:
*"May we have keen wit, but never make a sword
of our tongues to wound the reputation of others."*

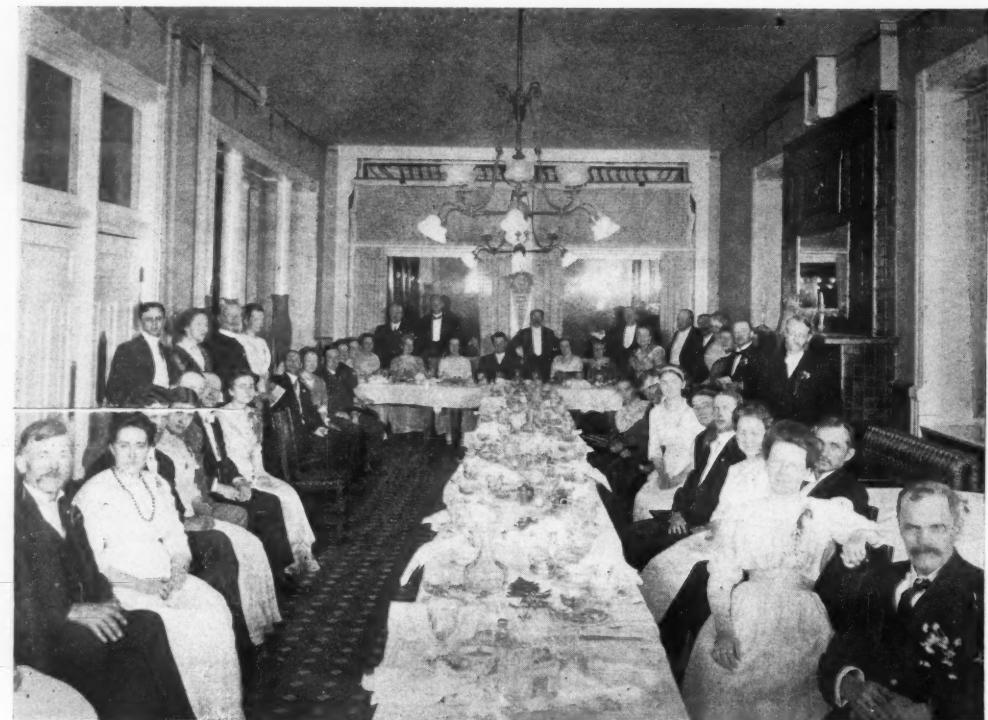
I need not mention why we are here, you know this as well as I. The pleasant memories of the past sweeten our grateful acknowledgments of what we owe to "Gallaudet."

Prof. J. W. Sowell '00, ranking teacher in the Nebraska School, and a candidate for the degree of Ph. D. at the University of Nebraska, responded to the following toast:

THE DEAF AND HIGHER EDUCATION

*What sculpture is to a block of marble, education
is to an human soul.*—Addison.

MR. TOASTMASTER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—On a memorial tablet in one of the classic corridors of



BANQUET OF THE GALLAUDET ALUMNI ASSOCIATION, BRANCH OF THE MIDDLE WEST

old Gallaudet, engraved in letters of gold, is the following inscription—the ideal of one of her students, one of her young sculptors, crystallized in beautiful language only a short time before the Death Angel came to interrupt the almost finished task:

"It will take away half the bitterness of death to have been allowed to learn something."

These words of the dead student summarize the attitude of the deaf toward higher education. They are expressive of their belief that education which starts from the child should lead out into human civilization. For the deaf believe that they are entitled to all that the race has toiled and struggled to attain—to its achievement, which today constitutes the environment of man. The injustice which nature has imposed on them has in no way dulled the mind, nor stilled the *diximus afflatus* of the soul. To the spiritual possessions of the race, which according to Butler, is their scientific inheritance, their literary inheritance, their aesthetic inheritance, their institutional inheritance, and their religious inheritance, they hunger to adjust themselves; for they realize that all this is a part in the never-ending life which is God's education of man into His own likeness; that without it they may never hope to become truly educated and cultivated men and women.

In the brief, rich words of Fitche, education is "eternal perfecting." And it is to become co-partners with the finer spirits of earth in this eternal process that education has for them such charms. They are not so much concerned about being "restored to society," in the accepted meaning of the words, as to be lifted up through nature to Nature's God. Trained and educated thought does much to compensate for wrongs suffered in this world. Rushing from step to step, from form to form, it strives to alleviate the pang they feel at nature's injustice, to soften and harmonize the vast silence which compasses their lives, to lift them up from the individual to the universal. Vergil's fine line, *Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas*, profoundly expresses their mental attitude. Yet greater than this, greater than all else, is the yearning for

the "sweet reasonableness, the eternal fitness, and the beautiful holiness that go with the cultured mind."

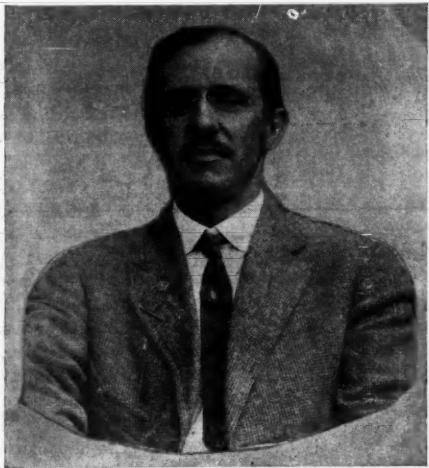
In the classic statements of the great Kant, "Man only becomes man through education. He is merely what education makes him." If this be true, then great is the need of a higher education for those to whom sound is nothing or, at least, only a memory. It becomes their means of realizing their destination, of reaching their goal of largest power, joy and service.

Says a modern philosopher: "The story begun in the fire-mist, the spiral nebulae, the hot stars, the cooling planets, the inhabitable earth, and the growth of life, ought to be continued in the conscious effort of man to realize his nature and fulfill his destiny." And this is what education for the handicapped of earth will do: it will help the universe complete its story. For until all mankind "alike is perfected," is "equal in full-blown powers," there can be no completion of the story begun in the fire-mist.

You must not lose sight of the fact that education is, as Horne calls it, a world-process—it is the world at work developing man into the fullness of his stature. From the very nature of the case, it follows that it is more perfect with some people and classes of people than with others. With the deaf, their higher education is far from perfect. Yet in the beautiful figure of Addison, it will, as the years roll on, approach perfection as the mathematical curve its limit, ever nearer and yet never there.

Tell us what you may say, in less philosophical language, what higher education does for the deaf. It brings them into contact with the great minds of the past from Plato to Emerson, from Homer and Euripides to Schiller and Browning. It enables them to feel what the Greeks called the "consolations of philosophy." It brings them face to face with the great problems of nature, and gives them the courage of their convictions. The training that results from association with the brightest minds from all over the country, from Canada, and from foreign countries, which is theirs during their college days, cannot be over-estimated. Among the

Germans there is a saying that the "fellow feeling among free spirits" is the most important element in their grand system of education. But higher education does more than this. It intensifies their individualities. It takes their best and makes it



WALDO H. ROTHERT
President.

better—raises it to the second, third, or ninth power, as we say in algebra. During student days, it is a gathering together of material "to build a bridge to the moon or, perchance, a palace or a temple," and though nothing but a woodshed may be eventually built, yet the mere striving to gather these materials has taught them the doctrine of effort, as preached by Carlyle: "Sweat of the brow, and up from that to sweat of the brain; sweat of the heart, up to that 'agony of bloody sweat,' which men have called divine! Oh, brother . . . this is the noblest thing yet discovered under God's sky."

To some materialists, higher education and the deaf are incompatible,—it is a useless waste of time that could better be employed in solving the bread and butter problem of existence. They can see nothing in mathematics, since sines and cosines do not exist outside of the text-book; nothing in philosophy, since it brings no returns in the way of tangible dividends. To such our pity! "For a man to have died who might have been wise and was not—this," says Carlyle, "I call a tragedy." Every text-book in the curriculum of a college aims at one or more of the following; at making the senses more acute, the memory more retentive, the imagination more fertile, the reason deeper, the taste more refined, the will and character stronger. The dry, informal text is soon forgotten, it is true. But something endures—that which brings out the higher potentialities of manhood and womanhood.

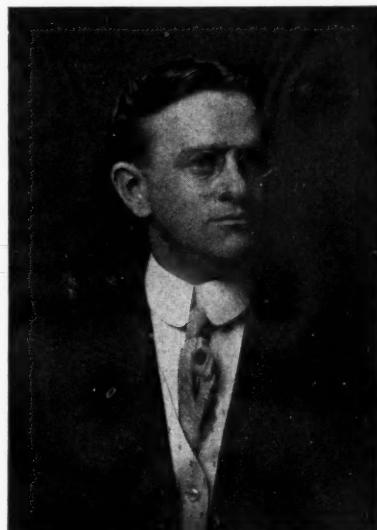
As Plato maintained that it was no valid argument against the Republic because impracticable, so it is no valid argument against higher education that it takes time, that it does not place soft, easy jobs in the hands of graduates, or make all fluent in the use of the mother tongue. There must always be some who, though they dive deep in the Pierian springs, as ducks dive in a pond, come up as dry as the ducks.

Man, says philosophy, is par excellence the only educable animal—the lower animals are trained. It therefore becomes a question of grave import for our educators to decide whether the deaf are to be educated or taken out of the class of the *genus homo* and *trained*. Dimes and dollars do not constitute the sum total of man's success and happiness. Only the educated man is happy; for happiness consists in the possession and use of one's full powers. The educated man "knows the truth, and the truth has made him free. He feels the beautiful, and the beautiful has made him gentle. He wills the good, and the good has made him strong." Say not, O you to whom nature has been more kind, that the deaf are not fit to sit within "academic

porches;" that it is not worth while to educate them; that their vision is too limited to see the beauty and grandeur of life. Force not upon them any arrested development, nor say it better becomes them to be drawers of water and hewers of wood. Their struggle to adjust themselves to the achievement of the race—weak though it may be—deserves to mark one milestone in the great and grand struggle of humanity.

For these materialists it may be said that higher education has enabled the deaf to make good along utilitarian lines. In the rank and file of Gallaudet's alumni are found architects and builders, editors and publishers, teachers and writers, chemists and assayists, surveyors and civil engineers, postmasters, bankers, recorders of deeds, a patent lawyer—we have one in embryo with us—department clerks, ordained ministers—there are two with us this evening—a state botanist, and many others too numerous to mention.

While the deaf take just pride in gauging their success by recognized standards of achievement, they are not blind to the fact that an inexorable fate has placed them outside the pale in the attainment of positions which command wealth and fame, to fill which ability to hear is an important adjunct. And it is here where the "consolation of philosophy" comes to soothe the hurt. As a poet sings:



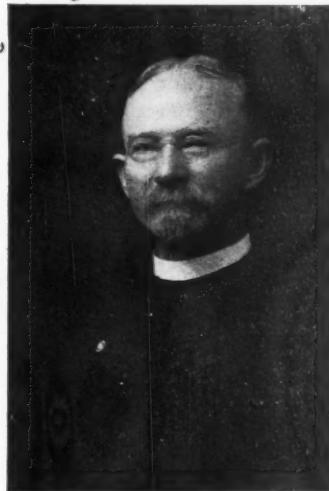
J. W. SOWELL, '00
Teacher, Nebraska School

*"It may not be our lot to yield
The sickle in the ripened field,
Not ours to hear on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves."*

*"But where our duty's task is wrought,
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done."*

Well did you say, O immortal writer of other days: What sculpture is to marble, education is to an human soul. And the author of that education? Shall he be forgotten by us tonight? He has enabled the deaf to look from victories won, from obstacles overcome, to other battlefields. Young, gifted, highly educated, he could have wrought his life's ideals in any sphere of activity. Yet he elected to lead out into human civilization that education which his father started from the little deaf child. He took the stone which was rejected by the builders and made it the corner-stone of a new and grander order of things. He transformed "the light that," for the deaf, "never was on land or sea" into "the master light of all their seeing." Teaching that wrong leads to death, not as a matter of punishment; for nature knows nothing of rewards and punishments, but simply as being the inevitable re-

sult of wrong, he made them see education in its highest and grandest phrase,—as spiritual growth toward intellectual and moral perfection. He taught them that that knowledge is of the most worth which stands in closest relation to the highest forms



REV. J. H. CLOUD
Supt. Gallaudet School for the Deaf

of activity of the spirit which is created in the image of Him who holds man and nature alike in the hollow of his hand. And would you know his monument? Look about you. It is here!

By way of introducing the next toast on the list the toastmaster remarked:

All these mighty benefits and blessings which are showered upon us are all that we have—we owe to the protection and love of the One Infinite Father. Let us therefore hear from one you all know well—one who has helped many of us to see clearer the sustaining power of the Infinite one and who has led us to see and feel His love and help.

*"What we owe to God and man."
"Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass
But still remember what the Lord has done."*

I am pleased to call on Rev. J. H. Cloud of the Gallaudet School, St. Louis, for a response.

The Honorable Toastmaster has assigned me a very comprehensive subject. Its possibilities are practically unlimited. However great our debts and however long over-due they may be they are not usually relied upon as incentives to oratorial inspiration. While man is prone to forget what he owes to others he is usually able to remember what others owe him. By keeping in mind the little which is our due we are apt to let it overshadow and even obscure our greater debt to others. An occasion like the present is useful to remind us of our obligations.

Without intending to be partial to the clergy it must be said to their credit that they have done pioneer work in many worthy and enduring enterprises not commonly classed as religious work—notably in the education of the deaf. The world's founder of deaf-mute education, Michael de l'Epee, and the founder of deaf-mute education in America, Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, were clergymen.

It is two hundred years since the birth, in Paris, of the Abbe de l'Epee, who in the course of his pastoral work became interested in two deaf children which eventually led him to establish a school for the deaf, to invent the manual alphabet, and the language of conventional signs. Twenty-five years ago representative deaf citizens from all civilized lands met at Paris to do honor to the memory of their great benefactor and again next July his statue and his school will be the mecca of a grateful people.

The mantle of De l'Epee was worthily bestowed upon the Abbe Sicard, under whom the sign-language received a still greater development. A hun-

THE SILENT WORKER

dred years ago the Reverend Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet journeyed to Paris to acquire the art of educating the deaf and was cordially welcomed by the Abbe Sicard, who accorded him every facility for attaining the object of his visit. When Dr. Gallaudet returned to America he brought with him Laurent Clerc, a highly-educated and distinguished pupil of Sicard, who in the parent American school for the deaf at Hartford became the first deaf teacher of the deaf in the Western Hemisphere.

"With Gallaudet and Clerc came the manual alphabet and the sign-language, which have always been and ever will be two of the greatest factors in the successful education of the deaf. People who are blessed with hearing are hardly capable of fully appreciating how great an educational aid and source of happiness manual spelling and the sign-language are to the deaf. Comparatively few hearing people realize that conventional signs, as used by the educated deaf, constitute a beautiful language, smooth, clear, cogent, rapid, capable of fully expressing any range of ideas and lacking in no essential oratory.

"When the general public comes to even a fair realization of the value of the sign-language to the deaf the movement to banish signs from the schools will cease.

"While the American schools for the deaf are many years younger than those of Europe it is in our own country that the art of deaf-mute education has reached its highest development thus far attained. For nearly half a century Gallaudet College at Washington has stood as the only institution in the world devoted to the higher education of the deaf.

"European schools have fallen behind in efficiency chiefly because the single oral method of instruction is in use. History will repeat itself in this country if the day should come when oralism becomes the vane. To De l'Epee, to Sicard, to the Gallaudets—father and sons, the deaf owe a debt of lasting gratitude and we are grateful to God for having sent such men."

In introducing the next speaker the toastmaster said:

"I know you all agree with me that this gathering would not be complete nor the remembrance of it lasting were the next speaker absent from this festive board. A true representative of the Deaf whose reputation is not confined to the state of Iowa or Nebraska, but is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a prominent member of our National Association of the Deaf and treasurer of the association of Superintendents, Principals and Teachers, an author and a poet whose books are in the possession of both the hearing and the deaf. A true exponent of the cause of the deaf, hence the toast.

"Our Creed."

*"Our Creed doth all actions underlie,
As Faith, the promptings of our prayers should be
We believe in the right and thus "signify
Our Creed both Belief and Faith to be"*

is to be responded to by J. Schuyler Long, Principal of the Iowa School.

OUR CREED

Do you remember the old copy book at school? Then you will recall one of the lines we had to write over and over again: "Many men of many minds." The older I became the more the truth of that line became apparent. For a surety we are many men of many minds and this is especially so in the education of the deaf.

In one thing, at least, we are all agreed; we believe in the education of the deaf and that all deaf children are entitled to it. This is a creed as simple and universal as that of the Kentucky backwoodsman who claimed to be an "Episcopalian." It happened one time that a wandering preacher reached a remote section of the Kentucky highlands that had apparently been overlooked by the home missionary society. He tarried there a few days and made

diligent inquiry as to the religious sentiment of the inhabitants but found none who could claim connection with any church until he ran across a man who said he was an "Episcopalian."

"Were you ever confirmed?" he asked of the Kentuckian.

"Confirmed? What may that mean, stranger?" asked the latter.

"Baptized and formally admitted to the church by the laying of hands by the bishop," it was explained.

"O, no! not that way," he replied. "I happened to find it out when I was down in Louisville a few years ago. I went into a church by accident one Sunday morning while there, while the minister was reading from a book and I took it that he was explaining their belief, for he was reading, 'we have left undone those things we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done.' I knew at once then that I belonged to that church and when I found out that it was an

in speech and we believe in signs. We believe in any and all methods but are wedded to none, but believe that those combined into one system form the true solution of the education of the deaf.

We believe abnormal children can be educated by one of these methods. For we believe that deaf children, like all other children, are variously gifted by nature with degrees of intelligence and that a wise and human system of education should consider these differences and under it should be employed that method which promises the best way to secure the happiness and future success of the child.

We believe in the sign-language. Nature denied us speech and hearing. But she has given us eyes for ears and arms with intelligence how to use them instead of tongues. In our social intercourse with one another, in our religious exercises and in our public gatherings, and at our banquets we believe, because we know, it is the only satisfactory means of communication and that neither natural nor acquired speech can take its place in any of these uses. Speech and writing with our hearing friends, but signs for ourselves and on the platform.

We believe the men and women who advocate the single oral method are sincere friends of the deaf and are honestly striving for the highest good of the deaf. But we believe they fail to realize the view-point of the one who is deaf and overestimate the practical value of speech to the deaf in after life.

We believe that legislation in regard to methods of instruction is wrong in principle, and contrary to the spirit of American institutions, and that it is no more justified than would be legislation directing a physician how he shall treat a certain disease, how a lawyer shall argue his case, or how parents shall bring up their children.

Our creed is broad; it is tolerant; it embraces all methods; it is consistent and is the system that admits of variation and to meet all conditions and circumstances. We stand on this creed because it is reasonable; because we know by actual experience what will fit them for it; and because it has been what the deaf will meet in their every day lives and what will fit them for it; and because it has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting.

The remarks of the toastmaster in introducing the next speaker were as follows:

I question whether any class enjoy and honor friendship more than the deaf. We are especially fortunate in counting among our friends those who have been or are now at the head of our schools and college.

We are grateful for their unselfish efforts and appreciate their good work.

"The friendship between me and you, I will not compare to a chain, for that the rain might rust or the falling tree might break."

The honorary member of our branch I am about to call upon, has been with the deaf from infancy, knows the deaf and is truly a friend of the deaf. His life warrants this endorsement.

Ladies and Gentlemen, I take great pleasure in calling upon Supt. F. W. Booth of the Nebraska School.

Mr. Booth responded in the sign-language, of which he has a very good command.

OUR FRIENDS

The friendship between me and you I will not compare to a chain; for that the rain might rust or the falling tree might break.—Bancroft.

MR. TOASTMASTER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—It is a common saying that a man is known by the company he keeps; then may it not be said also that a man is known in his true nature and qualities by the number and character of his friends. In a sense a man's friend is his other self, for alike attracts like, and mere association tends to imitation and to reproduction of characteristics. How often have we heard it that husbands and wives grow to



J. SCHUYLER LONG
Principal and Head Teacher, Iowa School.

Episcopal church I was sure that I was an Episcopalian.

If that were all there is to the church creed I think we would all confess ourselves to be Episcopilians, but when we come to defining what things we ought to do and what we ought not to do, we find that there are many men of many minds. And so it is in educating the deaf; we all most cordially agree that to believe in the education of the deaf, but when we begin to say how that should be done, we find ourselves very much at variance. Our creeds differ.

Now I know what you expect me to say, and know what I will say because there is no difference of opinion among the deaf themselves. We believe in the Combined System, and I submit that as the slogan which has united the deaf into one great brotherhood, and I am sorry that many of our sincere friends among the hearing can not subscribe to the same creed. Never a convention or gathering of the deaf but what they declare their adherence to that creed. We have adopted this creed after years and years of observation of the results of methods in Europe and in our own country. We have come to this creed because we have known in our own lives the difficulties to overcome in the road to an education and because we have known by bitter experience where the various methods used in our education have failed and where they have succeeded in preparing us for the stern and practical side of life.

We believe in the combined system; we believe in the oral method; we believe in the manual method; we believe in the aural method; we believe

resemble each other. And this is no doubt as it should be, for it is but the operation of the laws of nature.

We all want friends, because we all need friends. True success in life may have for its measure, or one of its measures, the number and character of friendships that attend it. A man or woman without friends may be set down as having made a failure of life. And this can be said even though one's wealth be uncountable as measured in moneys and lands.

But as we all need friends and want them, why may we not all have them, and in any desired number and of the choicest character? In the last analysis it is a question of deserving. Everyone has as many friends as he deserves, and just the kind of friends he deserves. In nature like begets like, and thus friendliness begets friendliness. But this is only expressing in different form the thought of the old saying that to have friends one must show himself friendly. Is that easy to do? For some natures, yes; for other natures, no. Friendliness is in its essence unselfishness, self-forgetfulness, unfeigned interest in the welfare of others. Thus genuine friendliness, the friendliness that wins friends, is impossible to the ungenerous, the self-seeking. Christ exemplified in his life, with all the rest, the highest type of the friendliness that is friend-winning, and it must be the Christ principle in us of "good will towards men," in just the measure that we possess it, by which we draw men to us and hold them in the iron grip of friendship.

We are here gathered as friends, and as friends I am sure we are in our experience an object lesson of all that I have set forth. There are friendships among us that have existed for years and that have grown into being in or through many and varied relations. My own friendships here. I can trace back to some of them to early relationships of teacher and pupils, and though there have been separations in distance and in years, the friendships remain unaffected except as they have strengthened and became more highly valued.

I have often wondered whether or not friendships are eternal. I believe they are, for I see no reason why, if anything is eternal friendships, which neither time nor distance can diminish or destroy, shall not go on forever. May then these friendships, enjoyed by us so greatly now and here, be that much the more enjoyed in the pleasing anticipation of their everlasting continuance in this realm beyond the skies.

The next toast was Our Monitors, responded to by Rev. Philip J. Hasenstab, of Chicago.

Wait till you hear me from the pulpit, there you can not answer me.—Bishop Gilbert Haven.

MR. TOASTMASTER, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—"Our Monitors!" Well, it simply brings us back to our school days when one or more were selected from among us to oversee us when we were out of school and shop, to see that we were neatly dressed for school, to call us to line for the dining-room, for chapel and for school. We sometimes liked them and at other times disliked them. Our demerits were weekly reported to the superintendent, and we were disciplined accordingly.

Now, are "monitors" still with us? We are no longer children. Whence comes the need of "monitors" within our midst? Could it only mean those who are called of God from among us to oversee and feed us of the heavenly gospel, I here hold the floor for a few minutes. I shall speak, from a "monitor's" point of view, principally on the adaptability of sign-speech to children of silence.

When we read that on the Pentecostal day there was not a single person that could not hear and understand the joyful testimony of the Spirit-filled followers of Christ, for devout Jews out of every nation under heaven, living then in Jerusalem, were confounded when every man heard the Galileans speak his own tongue and received the wonderful message, we are convinced that it was the Holy Spirit giving the disciples utterance and that He spoke in a tongue where there were men to hear in

the tongue. The point of great moment here is that each one should hear in his own tongue that he knew most readily. The popular and commercial language was not to be held above all the others for the purpose of unfolding the opportune declaration of the kingdom of God, where there were people from every part of the earth present at the great gathering. Whatever tongue that was habitually spoken by many people, however slightly known at the city of the chosen people of God, was not to be set aside, but was made use of by the Holy Spirit with equal honor and with equal wonderful effect.

The rule that prevailed upon that occasion still applies everywhere on the earth nowadays. All existing languages and dialects, more or less difficult to be learned and mastered by missionaries of the gospel, has become acceptable and useful channels through which the message of divine love and salvation has been flowing to all people that can be reached. They do not force any single foreign language upon them as a condition of declaring

opinion in like directions. They mingle continuously with and among the deaf, ministering to their spiritual wants; they observe the law of adaptability when they choose and employ sign-speech through which to offer the riches of the glory of God in Christ to the deaf from the pulpit and in personal face-to-face talks. Moreover there is emotion in sign-delivery of a hymn that is to the deaf what music itself is to the hearing. Although sign-speech stands ever adaptable as the deaf's means of natural expression.

May we not recall that it was the ministry who first developed sign-speech—a language of signs—and also who first brought it into use in this country—Abbe De l'Epee in France and Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet in this country. It may not be within our understanding why it should have come first through the ministry to the children of silence, unless we infer that it is as truly and specially God-given as a substitute for vocal speech to those bereft of hearing as the gospel of Christ is to the lost. Then sign-speech should be given all due thought, culture and utility, or that it should enjoy its full development and usefulness in its God-given mission, wherever it be carried and employed whether in school among younger generations or in the pulpit and on the platform among older generations or the face-to-face communion among themselves. Finally, but not least, ministers, and even educators, as "monitors" should follow up and thus guard purity and utility of sign-speech.

The toast, The Way To Live, was responded to by Supt. Henry W. Rothert, of the Iowa School.

*Learn to live, that thou mayst die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do.*

—Sir John Denham.

Mr. Rothert made his address simultaneously in signs and by speech. In introducing him the toastmaster remarked:

There is with us tonight a gentleman who for forty years has constantly struggled to uplift and uphold the deaf. Over twenty-five years of that time, he has been a superintendent who also was and is a father to his pupils in his care.

By precept and example, he has taught us, "The Way To Live."

*Learn to live that thou mayst die so too;
To live and die is all we have to do.*

—Sir. John Denham.

Mr. Rothert took occasion to say, among other things, that he was in favor of the Combined System of teaching the deaf, which elicited hearty applause.

The two following toasts were on the list, but owing to the unavoidable absence of the speakers they were not responded to:

8. Our Knights Mrs. W. H. Rothert

*As the Knights of old in armored array
Did battle for the cross and the right.
So the swords of our Knights of today
Are drawn for the home and its love and its
light.*

—Anon.

9. Pleasant Moments Edward L. Michaelson

*What would we not give to have still in store the
first blissful moment we ever enjoyed.—Rachepedre.*

The toastmaster called upon the next speaker with the following preliminary remarks:

No meeting is complete without those fair ones for whom we would even now as in days of yore do battle valiantly. They make life worth living, both before and after marriage. Their tender sympathy, helpful courage is ours when we deserve it.

"A good woman is a hidden treasure, who discovers her will do well not to boast about it."

Perhaps our friend, Mr. P. E. Seely, may know more about them than the rest of us and I will call on him to respond to "Our Ladye Fair."

OUR LADYE FAIR

A good woman is a hidden treasure; who dis-



REV. P. J. HASENSTAB
Missionary, Chicago.

the gospel of peace and joy to them. Missionaries go forth in the spirit of the great Paul and to the different people they severally become as the people themselves that they may by all possible means gain them. Thus arises the great necessity of adaptability wherein lies the success of an extended effort.

The standing commission that the Lord gave to His followers to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, properly includes the children of silence as recipients of the gospel. And in turn it suggests and even requires the rule of adaptability in their particular case. They are unlike any other class of people on earth in one respect: their ear is closed to all sound; they are no longer able to hear any voice. No matter in what country or among what nationality they be, they hear not the voice of any spoken language. To all appearance the gospel finds not its way through the ear to their soul. The law of adaptability comes in and holds sign-speech as the most acceptable and reasonable means of conveyance of thought through the eye. The ministry of the gospel to the deaf takes up and makes full use of this speech. Let it be noted here that this sign-speech is not a language of words, but rather one of thought expressed through signs, natural and arbitrary.

This sign-speech has continually proved and sustained its adaptability among children of silence in school, especially with reference to lecture and chapel exercises, and also among deaf adults at large along these directions of literary activity.

Educators, active and honorary, of the deaf may be discussing among themselves as to the merits of sign-speech, but the ministers of the gospel to and among the deaf have not shown any diversity of

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covers one will do well not to boast about it.—La Bruyere.

I once read a wise saying to the effect that one should understand his subject well before talking about it. Now woman is a problem that no man understands—does not even pretend to. To us she is a puzzle which we are always trying to solve and though yet unsolved we have not given up.

Poets tell us she was once our superior, but is now our equal. But, from the newspaper accounts of the struggle she is making for the ballot, we should judge she was not quite our equal yet.

She was made after man and has been after him ever since, but then, we grant her the right to life, liberty—and the pursuit of man.

But aside from all our railery we can not think too highly of the queen of our home, the noble ruler of the place from which the world's strife is shut out and in which love is confined.

Whatever a man is, or ever expects to be, is due in a great measure to the ennobling influence of a woman, though she may be his wife, mother, sister or sweetheart.

*"Disguise our bondage as we will,
'Tis a woman rules us still."
"She hath waked the poet's sigh
The girl who gave to song,
What gold could never buy."*

Lastly no more fitting tribute can be paid to Our Fair Ladye than these words of the Spaniard, De Hita:

"A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner
More than all other condiments, altho' 'tis sprinkled thinner,
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her,
There is not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.
And as within the little rose you find the richest dyes,
And in the little grain of gold much price and value lies,
As from a little balsam much odor doeth rise.
So in a little woman there's a taste of Paradise."

The following toast concluded the list:

Our Noble Middle West Branch Sarah Strey
Keep good company and you'll be of them.—From the Chinese.

To THE MEMBERS OF THE "NOBLE" MIDDLE WEST BRANCH AND FRIENDS:

"This so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here," as Shakespeare says. The Branch was first organized in the year 1899 with Mr. F. C. Holloway as its first president. Its object is to promote the spirit of good fellowship among its members; to assist the parent organization whenever and however possible; and to keep fresh the ties that bind its members to each other and to their beloved A'ma Mater—Gallaudet College.

The Branch has had a prosperous and harmonious existence. Its monthly meetings have been and are still varied to suit occasions and times. They are literary, social, humorous and dramatic, and have added interest and enthusiasm to the meetings.

All its members have worked together loyally, and through their deep interest and enthusiasm in its meetings they have helped to build its success and give it such a name as it now bears. You all know that "nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm."

The name of the Middle West Branch, without doubt, stands second among all the other Branches throughout the country.

The program committee this year who brought about the Branch's Year Books deserve the highest praise for their work. The books are something new, and they have been commended by many outsiders.

The good influence the Branch has on its members is manifest. For instance the meetings made such a deep impression on Mr. McFarlane, a former mem-

ber, and interested him to such an extent that when he went to "Dixie Land" he found life incomplete without such meetings. Thus the result was that he helped to organize a Branch down there.

It is said that we are judged by the company we keep, so let us take for our motto the following: "Keep good company and you'll be of them."

Long may the noble Middle West Branch live and prosper, and may its efforts ever be crowned with success, so

*"To see the laurel wreath on high suspended,
That is to crown our name when life is ended."*

In conclusion the toastmaster said:

OUR DEPARTED FRIEND, LLOYD BLANKENSHIP

Among our pleasures and enjoyments this evening comes a shadow of grief and mourning as we think of one who has heretofore always enjoyed these occasions and was always ready to lend a helping hand. It is right and proper we should offer to his memory at this time a tribute of our affection and regard.

We all remember him as he sat among us at our banquets interested in every thing said and enjoying everything done—an enthusiastic member of our Middle West branch who has contributed so largely to its success.

Lloyd Blankenship, we praise his good qualities and in silence revere his memory.

*"He has gone to his rest,
When his labor was done,
From the world he has blest,
To the heaven he has won."*

All present hereupon arose and remained standing a moment with bowed heads.

Senator Saunders, Mrs. Cameron, Mr. Dallzell and Mr. Stewart were called upon for remarks and each responded with a felicitous address.

Just before the banquet broke up Mr. Harry G. Long rendered in clear and graceful signs the song of

COLLEGE DAYS OF OLD

*Oh, happy college days of old,
And have ye gone forever,
So rich in memories untold,
And joys that wither never?
O fair and fadeless were the flower's
That bloomed for us in those dear hours.*

*O, days of long ago!
Ye days of Gallaudet!
Days gone forever now—
Gallaudet! Gallaudet!*

*O days that never knew a care,
O days of youth and glory,
That led by magic path and fair,
Through summer lands of story,
Across the years your echoes flow,
Ye golden days of long ago.*

*Now over life's wild fields we roam
With little time for dreaming,
Yet visions of our College home .
Within our hearts are gleaming,
O sweet and unforgotten years,
We see you through our misty tears.*

A Deaf-Mute Attorney

It is not very often that a deaf-mute is found appearing as an attorney in a court of law. Nor is it often that a deaf-mute is enabled to acquire sufficient knowledge to qualify him for the writing of a book that will attract the attention of the legal fraternity and be used by attorneys all over the country as a ready reference compendium. But Henry C. White of this city has done all this and more.

While Mr. White has never engaged in the practice of law in this city, he has gained a reputation as a teacher of deaf-mutes, not only here, but in

eastern cities. His main purpose in life today is to secure for Arizona an institute, State controlled, for the education of mutes of the new State. It is likely that a bill providing for the establishment of such an institution will be introduced before the first legislature.

The book which Mr. White has compiled is entitled, "Law points for Everybody," and presents in compact form a most useful manual of law. Over 60,000 have been sold in New England alone, and while Mr. White has, since coming to Phoenix, placed the sale of the book in other hands, he still receives orders from these States.

Mr. White was for many years the legal adviser of his people in New England, and sometimes was associated with other lawyers in court cases among the deaf. He once assisted Ex-Gov. John L. Bates, of Massachusetts, in an important case, and frequently acted as a court interpreter in behalf of other deaf-mutes.—*Arizona Gazette*.

The Paris Congress

There is plenty of evidence for the assertion that the American deaf will have a good representation at the Congress of the World's Deaf in Paris, in July of this year.

That all of them will enthusiastically, yet reverently, do homage to the memory of the good Abbe de l'Epee is certain. The two hundredth anniversary of the founder of the sign-method of instructing the deaf, will be observed with such ceremonies that the world will know and notice how gratefully inclined the deaf are to this great and pioneer benefactor.

Through the philanthropy and self-abnegation that made sweet and wonderful the lifelong labors of the good Abbe De l'Epee, America was enabled to begin the work of education among a hitherto-neglected class. It was from De l'Epee's successor, the Abbe Sicard—he whom the revolutionists spared because of his benevolent work for the neglected and downtrodden—that Gallaudet the elder obtained the necessary assistance to begin educational work for the deaf of the New World.

This Congress is to be of the deaf, for the deaf, and by the deaf; and it is presumed that none of the American delegates will overlook the fact that France gave to us the first exponent of the sign-language in the person of Laurent Clerc. The deaf of the United States showed their appreciation by gifts of silver service to Gallaudet and Clerc alike, and in front of the first school for the deaf of this country—the American School at Hartford, Connecticut—there stands almost side by side sculptured monumental shafts in honor of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet and Laurent Clerc.

Apart from the honors to be observed to the memory of Abbe de l'Epee, there are to be sessions, participated in by the deaf of all nations, at which will be presented problems inherent to the education of the deaf, and the results and value of this education through an enumeration of the varied activities in which they are successfully engaged.

A full list of the American deaf who will be present is not yet available. But the following have indicated their intention to participate: Dr. Thomas F. Fox, Mr. Moses Heyman, Mrs. Moses Heyman, Mr. Samuel Frankenstein, Mr. Henry C. Kohlman, Mr. Emil Basch, Mr. Sylvester J. Fogarty, Mr. Samuel Goldberg and Mrs. Goldberg, Mr. Edwin A. Hodgson, all of New York; Mr. E. Elmer Hannan, of Washington, D. C.; Mr. Robert P. McGregor, of Columbus, O.; Mr. W. Lacey Waters and Mr. Park, of California; Mr. Williams Lipgens, Mrs. William Lipgens, of New Jersey. We are advised that several others will probably go from this country, but as yet their plans are not fully formed.—*Editorial in Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

Ask not for ease, ask for the strength that can Essay, and then achieve Life's toilsome plan;
Ask not for safety, courage will provide
A harbor where no craven thoughts abide.



By Alexander L. Pach, 935 Broadway, New York

AT the New York Institution the other day they had the unique pleasure of celebrating "Forty years of Enoch Henry Currier." The celebration was quite informal, and had the graduates now out in the world known of the intention there would have been a crowd of them on hand to help. Mr. Currier is one of the real benefactors of the Deaf, and the time to tell him so is while he is here, to listen.

Forty years is a long time to spend at one school, and any stranger would question the statement if told that the youthful and handsome figure in the full uniform of a colonel, reviewing his cadets at dress parade on a Sunday afternoon, with a thousand wondering hearing people looking on, had spent that many years as an educator.

If Mr. Currier were in the Army or Navy, he would have to haul down his flag and go on the retired list, but as it is, he will hardly be ready for the shelf for another quarter of a century.

Mr. Currier has made himself illustrious in the ranks of educators of the Deaf, and much more than that is one of the very, very few who have made conspicuous success both in the educational and executive departments.

A graduate of the school happening along there on some gala occasion, or at the Sunday afternoon dress parade, could literally boast with pride of his Alma Mater, and without feeling that he has anything to apologize for.

And I don't know of any stronger way to frame a testimonial than that.



Speaking of the risks a deaf man has to take, (nobody was speaking of it recently, so far as I know, but that's as good a way to start a new paragraph as any) one of the things that are an abomination are the "strange barber shop." The strange barber, and particularly the strange barber in a strange place wants to talk, and he is going to. The problem is for a deaf man to know how to check the monologue at the very start. The best way is to tell him with a motion calling for a shave or a hair cut, which ever the case may be, at the very start, and indicate that you are deaf, and then trust to luck. If you talk orally, he thinks he is up against some kind of a game, and he is going to test your vocal powers at every stage of the job. So, until last summer I always made my get-away from the tonsorial torture as a deaf and dumb man.

Never again!

Had an hour to wait in the St. Paul station in Chicago, on my way to Delavan last summer, and though I had my shaving outfit with me, it was in my trunk, and I thought a good way to kill that hour's tedium was to get a clean shave to carry along to Delavan. There's a first class outfit of that kind right in the depot, but every chair was full, so I hiked around the corner and espied a place on Adams street, maybe it was Madison street, and then again maybe it was neither street, but the bus from Marshall Field's stops on the same street in front of the depot, and the scene of my adventure was just across and on the same street.

A villainous looking bootblack took my new straw hat in his dirty paws, and I took the only vacant chair, presided over by a six-footer and who otherwise looked as if he might be able to star in the role of a "white hope."

There were evidences of growler rushing into an alley at my right, and other things of a not reassuring nature, but I settled down resigned to the very worst that might happen.

Then I grew reminiscent. Just eighteen years ago I was writing newspaper articles of how we visitors to the very city that I was in played the role of chickens to the local axe. Indeed I had said some uncomplimentary things, and if I was about to be slugged and my body thrown into the Chicago river, there would be those who would utter things bearing on poetic justice and all that sort of thing, notwithstanding the fact that the men I had the little arguments with are today among my best friends.

The shave proceeded, and far from gentle were the ministrations. When the shave was concluded, I was doused with the contents of one bottle after another, and before I could protest the artist had his shears snipping off hairs that didn't stand in need of snipping, and then came an electrical torture. It was getting dangerously near my train time, and I would have told him to call it all off, but for the fact that I had given him to understand when he lined me up at the starting post, that I was deaf and dumb, and it would not do to talk, so he had me sure.

As a finisher he gave me a shampoo, that pained my eyes for a week after, and literally blinded me, for I had to ask help of a cop to cross the street. The villain handed me a check for \$1.65, (I hate to acknowledge that I was taken for a come-on) and I walked up to the man at the Boss chair, and in very good English told him I had only come in for a shave, and not to be blinded and all but murdered, and robbed in the bargain, but he could take the dollar bill I offered him, or leave it, and I would wait until he called a policeman. He seemed indignant at his assistant, but I judge it was a part of the game, and they split the dollar between themselves.

Some day when I get the time to put in one volume all the things I have written about "we deaf, our woes," this barber shop incident will get a star place.

Quite a delegation of New Yorkers go to the Paris Congress, and a few more go to the Fraternal Society Convention at Columbus, Ohio, and the mountains and seashore and farm claim many more, but little old New York for those who do not go anywhere is just as fine a summer resort as any other. At the end of a hot summer day there is the ride to Coney Island, on any one of the Iron Steamer fleet of seven iron boats, that for nearly thirty-five years have plied the harbor and ocean, carrying millions and millions of men, women and children, and never so much as hurt a single passenger. If there is a record of anything approaching this in the annals of transportation, I have never heard of it.

The steamer takes you to Coney and back, for a very small sum, and it includes a ride on the ocean as well as river and both bays. When Coney is reached you have choice of the best divertissement or the silliest and most ludicrous laughter and fun-creating amusements.

Coney provides everything that everybody wants provided, and you can dine on the homely frankfurter of fame, for a nickel, or go down the street and have your table d'hôte for two dollars. At Coney you pays your money and you gets your choice, and in the widest possible range.

Two great amusement parks, Steeplechase and Luna, do a regular exposition business

from May to the end of September, and you can see most everything for a quarter.

You can dance if you like, and if you prefer, there are the vast free moving-picture theatres, where you need only take a seat and keep a half-empty glass of ginger ale in front of you, and you can stay till you are tired.

Then there are all kinds of rides. Fool rides that you pay more for, for a three-minute coast over violent grades, than you have to pay to ride on an express train all the way to New York.

There is good fishing right off the piers, and ocean bathing to one's hearts content.

On several Saturday afternoons during the heated season, Ulmer Park, which is right at Coney's back door, will witness big gatherings of all the deaf of New York. The league of Elect Surds, Fraternal Society, Clarke Club, are among the organizations that will rule for a day.

Under the new order of things the affairs will not be marred by the slightest disorder. There really hasn't been on an average more of this sort of thing when our clubs of the deaf were hosts, than on days when hearing clubs have held sway, but in future women and children are assured that there will be nothing at all to alarm them.

YOU ARE AS YOU THINK; your thoughts and impressions come either from your environment or your own Higher Self. What you are to be and what your faith is to be will depend upon whether you think what is suggested by your surroundings, or what you are inspired to think by the greater Self that is within."

Never fail to give a lift to a man who has more than he can carry; and never rob a man of the privilege of bearing his own burden if he is perfectly able to do it.—*Wallace D. Wattles in Nautilus*.

Lloyd Memorial Fund

BULLETIN NO. 2.

John P. Walker	\$5.00
Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Porter	2.00
A. L. Pach	2.00
Mr. and Mrs. Moses Heyman	2.00
Frank Mesick	1.00
W. D. Stocker	1.00
David Simmons	1.00
*H. J. Haight	1.00
Rosa Schmidt	1.00
*Theodore Eggert	1.00
R. M. Robertson	1.00
Henry A. Coe50
Miss Louisa Geiger	1.00
Miss Mary Sommers	1.00
Mrs. Hattie Tobin35
(Collected by Mr. Bowker.)	
Isaac R. Bowker	1.00
George Wainwright	1.00
William Bennison	1.00
Mrs. Ira Worcester	1.00
Miss Sadie Daly	1.00
Jacob Bessman	1.00
Miss Ethel Collins	1.00
Adolph Krokenberger	1.00
Miss Mabel Snowden	1.00
\$29.85	

*Pledged.

Mr. Charles Cascella, who is collecting for the Fund in Newark, has not yet reported, but I understand he has something like 14 names. The Committee wishes to place the order for the Memorial by August 1st, so it is important that all who wish to be included in the list of contributors should send in their names before that date. All who contribute after this issue of the WORKER will be reported in the *Deaf-Mutes' Journal*.

GEO. S. PORTER, Treas.



By James S. Reider, 1538 N. Dover St.

HOR the fifth time death has entered the once happy home of the Brutsche family, and this time borne away their darling and only remaining daughter, the fair Amanda Dorothea.

*"A lovely bud, so soft and fair,
Call'd hence by early doom;
Just to show how sweet a flower
In Paradise would bloom."*

Leigh Richmond.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Brutsche, of Camden, N. J., have had six children, three boys and three girls, but now have lost all but one—John, who is in his fourteenth year, and a bright and promising youth.

Little Amanda of eleven years was a lovely, bright and happy child, the joy of her deaf parents and a fond playmate of the children of the neighborhood. Allured by the beautiful spring weather of Sunday, 19th of May, Amanda with a companion, named Marie, and her brother, sauntered off towards the outskirts of the city where dandelions and other spring flowers bloomed in abundance. The sight of these countless little flowers was a tempting invitation to the children and they were their objective point after a long walk on Ferry Avenue. John and Marie crossed the street as a trolley car hove in sight on the avenue. A curve, however, prevented Amanda from seeing it clearly and her brother called to her to wait until the car had passed. But she was eager to rejoin them and started to run across when she stumbled and fell on the track in front of the approaching car.

The car was running at a rapid pace and, though the motorman made frantic efforts to stop it, he was unable to do so. The forward part of the car struck the girl with a dull thud and, not until it had passed over the little body, was it brought to a standstill. Life was crushed out in an instant. The accident unnerved those who had witnessed it. The girl's skull was crushed in, the chain she wore about her neck (which is shown in the picture) was imbedded deep in her chest and her body was otherwise horribly mangled.

The lifeless little body was tenderly lifted and conveyed to the morgue until claimed by the grief-stricken parents after they had been apprised of the accident. It came about this way. They were sitting on the porch of their cosy little home when the accident occurred. The news soon reached the neighborhood and the deaf couple noticed unusual commotion among their neighbors. But they had no idea that a horrible fate might have overtaken one of their children. Then they noticed that the eyes of the neighbors were fixed on them. At last, still unaware of foreboding evil, a woman neighbor came up to them and, in plain natural signs which they could easily understand, signed "Your little girl was run over by a trolley-car." It may be imagined how this shocking news turned the unfortunate couple's peace, rest and quiet of the day into sudden excitement, gloom and agonizing sorrow—a feeling which was largely shared by the whole neighborhood.

The funeral took place on the following

Wednesday afternoon. It was largely attended by the children of the neighborhood and many of them were moved to tears. The floral offerings were very profuse and beautiful. Six little girls, dressed in white, acted as pall-bearers, but they were unable to restrain their feelings and simply walked with the casket. Rev. C. O. Dantzer, of All Souls' Church for the Deaf, Philadelphia, and the Rev. Mr. Brestel, of St. Paul's Episcopal

by their presence. This Club is a church social one. There are no dues in it; but, in order to be eligible to vote, one must be a contributor to All Souls' Church of not less than one dollar annually. As it may be paid in weekly or monthly installments it ought to be easy for all the men of the parish to become contributors. The Club holds monthly meetings when the whole family of men of the Church may spend an evening together by themselves, to talk business or see lectures, to enjoy entertainments, social intercourse and games, and to smoke and partake of light refreshments. These meetings also afford a good opportunity for the men to become better acquainted with each other as well as with the work of the Church.

Some busines was done at the meeting on the above date, and, following it, the annual election of officers took place, resulting as follows: President, James S. Reider; Vice-President, Alexander McGhee; Secretary-Treasurer, Harry E. Stevens. After the meeting refreshments, consisting of ice-cream and cakes, were served to all present. Thus a most enjoyable evening was passed.

The Clerc Literary Association has again selected Wildwood, N. J., as the place for its annual excursion on Saturday, July 20th, 1912. This beautiful resort finds favor with the deaf because they are not apt to scatter so widely there, thus enabling them to enjoy the day more together. Any one is welcome to join this excursion.

Miss Pearl Herdman, of St. Louis, Mo., was one of our fair visitors recently. On her way East she visited several schools for the deaf on a tour of observation, including the Mt. Airy School; but her coming here was for the additional purpose of taking Miss Thomas, an aged inmate of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, back to her Western home.

On Thursday, 23rd of May, Rev. Mr. Dantzer entertained the members of the Clerc Literary Association with a mystery story, entitled "The Black Diamond," and, following it, he showed a number of entertaining views on the screen illustrative of the Titanic disaster.

The All Souls' people had their annual Strawberry Festival on Saturday evening, June the First. It was largely attended and was an enjoyable affair. On the same evening the Beth Israel Association for the Deaf had a similar festival and, we believe, it was also a success. The proceeds of the All Souls' festival will be added to the Emergency Fund that is being raised to meet incidental expenses in connection with the opening of the proposed new Church and Parish House. This fund amounts to \$68.56.

Happiness

The best things are the nearest: breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain, common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things in life.

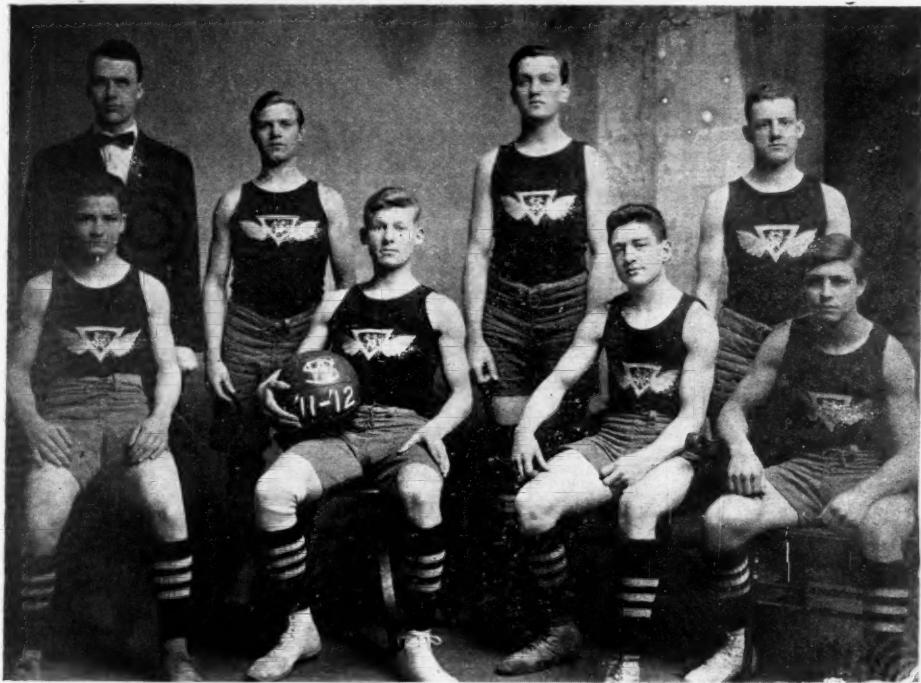
Edward Ray, A.B., A.M., LL.B., deaf and blind; graduate of University of North Carolina, Harvard, and University of Chattanooga, will enter the University of Southern California for his fourth academic degree. That is the record of one man so terribly handicapped. The goal of his ambition is a seat in the United States senate.—*Kansas Star*.



AMANDA DOROTHEA BRUTSCHE

Silent Workers Made Fine Record During the Year.

By ARTHUR C. BLAKE



First row—Left to right—George Brede, sub-guard; Samuel Eber, captain, centre; John Garland, forward; Tony Petoio, forward. Second Row—Left to right—Edwin Markley, manager; Arthur Blake, guard; Alfred Baumlin, guard; James Dunning, guard.

NISHING the season with the remarkable record of winning twenty-one of twenty-seven games played, the Silent Workers have again established themselves in the local basketball hall of fame. The old adage of "the bigger they are, the harder they fall," seems to have held sway the entire season. The exceptional cases were when they played teams more experienced than themselves. The fact that they defeated many strong Trenton teams is no small matter to boast of, considering the fact that the Workers have had but two short seasons of experience in the professional basketball field.

Samuel Eber, captain, commonly known as the blonde centre, or Bulldog Eber, is 18 years old, weighs 155 pounds, and lives in New Brunswick. He is quite slim. He is characterized because he has a bulldog spirit—always hangs on to a game until the last. As a goal thrower, Eber is considered a wonder, being able to land a goal with both right or left hands.

John Garland, called "fat," because of his ever-smiling countenance and bulky figure, was second to Eber in goal-throwing. Garland is 17 years of age, weighs 140 pounds and hails from Jersey City. Garland has played as forward all season and has done excellent work in bringing the team to the front.

Tony Petoio, otherwise Whirlwind Tony, landed third. Petoio is only 16 years of age, weighs 130 pounds and resides in Newark. He is an excellent player for his age, and joined the senior team as forward at the opening of the season, having had experience on the junior team the year previous. Very few players of his age can catch a ball and pass it as fast as he can.

Alfred Baumlin, also Little Hippo, is the heaviest boy on the team. He is 17 years of age, weighs 175 pounds and comes from Perth Amboy. As guard he has done splendid work. Once or twice he has acted as centre, but at that he is not an adept.

Arthur Blake, dubbed Wireless Blake, because of his faculty in being at the right place just when he is wanted, and when it is apparently thought he is at some other part of the floor. Blake has not shown as much form this season, but as guard he has prevented many teams from making an easy victory. He resides in Jersey City, is 18 years of age, and tips the scales at 137 pounds.

James Dunning, alias Farmer Dunning, hails from Paterson, is 18 years of age, and weighs 135 pounds. He is a suitable guard, but at goal-throwing he lacks polish. He has acted as a substitute player most of the season, and therefore was not able to make a better showing than he otherwise might have done.

RECORD

Silent Workers	24	Simmons A. C.	15
Silent Workers	53	Trenton Tigers	11
Silent Workers	38	Trenton Triangles ...	11
Silent Workers	47	Olympus A. C.	4
Silent Workers	12	Trenton Tigers	10
Silent Workers	21	Southside	14
Silent Workers	23	Trenton Silent Stars	38
Silent Workers	21	Pennington Seminary	30
Silent Workers	5	Crescent A. C.	21
Silent Workers	22	Trenton High School	32
Silent Workers	27	Trenton Silent Stars	22
Silent Workers	38	Trenton High School	10
Silent Workers	46	Bordentown A. C. ..	19
Silent Workers	46	Wilson A. C.	3
Silent Workers	2	Greenwood A. C.	0
Silent Workers	35	Laurel Jrs.	8
Silent Workers	2	Fowler A. C.	0
Silent Workers	42	Lambertville, Jrs.	3
Silent Workers	2	Catholic Institute ...	0
Silent Workers	14	Bordent'n Military Jrs.	32
Silent Workers	31	Cook A. C.	17
Silent Workers	47	Cathedral T. A. B. ..	12
Silent Workers	35	Cathedral T. A. B. ..	11
Silent Workers	40	Bordentown	13
Silent Workers	45	Lambertville Reserves	6
Silent Workers	54	Silent Workers, Jrs.	15

Edwin Markley, the manager, has fulfilled the position with the highest dignity. As he has both senses—speaking and hearing—his worth to our organization of deaf fellows is of great value. Under his able management, the team has made excellent progress, as can readily be seen. The individual scoring done by the regular members of the team was as follows:

INDIVIDUAL RECORDS

	Games.	Fld.G.	FLG.	Pts.
S. Eber, centre	24	104	89	297
J. Garland, forward.....	24	124	8	256
T. Petoio, forward.....	24	47	0	94
A. Baumlin, guard.....	22	37	0	74
A. Blake, guard.....	23	33	0	65
J. Dunning, guard	11	3	0	6
—	—	—	—	—
128	348	97	—	792

The New Jersey State Association of the Deaf

OFFICIAL NOTICE

The 9th Biennial Convention of the Association will be held in the auditorium of the New Jersey School for the Deaf, on Labor Day, 2nd September next.

ORDOR OF BUSINESS

Meeting opens at 10.30 a.m.

Address of Welcome by Supt. John P. Walker.

President's Address.

Reading of Minutes.

Report of Treasurer.

Report of Committees.

Unfinished Business.

New Business.

Speeches and questions relating to the welfare of the Deaf.

Important questions for the Deaf to consider are:

1. Does the Civil Service discriminate against the Deaf?
2. Does the Employers' Liability Law hinder the Deaf in getting work?
3. Deaf Imposters, and other questions, if any.

THE LLOYD MEMORIAL

(1) Presentation address by David Simmons, of Rahway.

(2) Unveiling of the Memorial by Miss Ethel Collins of Barnegat.

(3) Speech of Acceptance, by Supt. John P. Walker, on behalf of the School.

(4) Speeches by Prominent Deaf present.

Election of Officers and installation

Note—There will be an adjournment at noon for lunch, which will be served gratis in the dining room of the school. The time to suit the convenience of the school authorities.

All are cordially invited to attend the Convention. Mr. John P. Walker, Superintendent of the School, assures us that everything possible will be done for the comfort and entertainment of the guests.

The meeting will be of especial interest because of the fact that the new boys' dormitory will likely be completed and ready for inspection.

The Committee appointed to take charge of the Lloyd Memorial are: Geo. S. Porter, Trenton, N. J., Chairman and Treasurer; Isaac R. Bowker, Trenton, and David Simmons, Rahway. They are empowered to transact all necessary business connected with the Memorial. Contributions to the Memorial can be sent by mail to either Geo. S. Porter, SILENT WORKER, Trenton, or Mr. R. M. Robertson, 73 Sandford Ave., Kearney, N. J.

By order of

PAUL E. KEEES, Vice-President,

R. M. ROBERTSON, Sec-Treasurer.

A friend is a feller what knows all about yer and loves yer jist the same.

THE SILENT WORKER

Exercises and Exhibit of Western New York Institute for Deaf-Mutes at Shubert Theatre

Shubert Theatre housed its most unique performance of the season recently when the children of the Western New York Institute for Deaf-Mutes gave an entertainment and exhibition of their school work on its stage. In a constantly changing succession of scenes these children of silence danced and drilled and illustrated the practical side of their school work in a manner that the audience forgot the pity of it and saw only the brave, smiling little faces of them and the perfection of their exhibition. It is impossible to refrain from saying that their teachers may well be proud of them and of their own work, which made such an entertainment possible.

Some of the children, it was explained by Dr. Zenas F. Westervelt, are able to hear with the aid of apparatus, and many could speak, and did, to the great wonderment of the always interested audience, but mostly they moved through their parts silently and only the bright, happy faces testified to their enjoyment of the work and of the appreciation of the applause which the audience indicated by fluttering handkerchiefs. When one of them spoke there was dead silence in the theatre and every ear was strained to catch the halting words which the children could not themselves hear, but could only feel.

SHOW SCHOOL WORK

The curtain rose on a scene typifying the various trades and occupations taught at the school. In the back-ground were arranged blackboards labeled "historical map drawing," "physiology," "water-color painting," "free hand drawing," and in the foreground were the manual trades and the sciences, weaving, carpentry, leather work, biology, cooking, designing, typesetting and woodcarving. At each, a pupil of the school was stationed, and a signal from Dr. Westervelt they proceeded to demonstrate their work. Dr. Westervelt explained each exhibit briefly.

In speaking of the kindergarten work, he said: "It is very important that deaf children be sent to a proper school at the earliest possible age. Children of four and five years sometimes come to us knowing not even the names of the things of commonest use and our first step is to teach them the names of things." He then explained the phonetic alphabet by which children learn pronunciation. It is a series of symbols which apparently indicate the position the lips and mouth must take in pronunciation of different word sounds. Dr. Westervelt explained this epigrammatically, "The deaf child's speech is not sound, but position," he said. "It is not whether a word sounds correct, but whether it feels correct."

GREETINGS FROM BABIES

The greeting from the babies was what fired the enthusiasm of the audience and kept it pitched high during the entire evening. Four little children, Robert Heacock, who was the hit of the evening, by the way, Alberta Chamberlain, Edward Ott and Mercia Wetherbee, came before the audience and wriggled their stubby fingers in welcome. "Aren't they the darlings?" said all the women. The tiny quartette was followed by a tea party of four and that by the first of the folk dances, of which special mention must be made. The dances were done by the primary pupils and not only were they picturesquely costumed, but the marvel of it was that in the dead silence in which most of these children move they were able to keep such perfect step.

"The piano is not for them, but for you," Dr. Westervelt explained to the audience concerning the music accompanying the dances and drills.

"The Birds' Christmas Carol" was possibly the highest expression of the system of instruction at the school in St. Paul Street. It was a one-act play, written by one of the teachers, and at least ten of the cast—there were but eleven in the playet—had

speaking parts. True, not all of the children spoke distinctly, but every one had mastered the "business" of the part and the majority spoke clearly enough to make the story easy to follow. It was about Mrs. Ruggles, a poor Irish widow, and her ten children, and her efforts to train the ten to a knowledge of table etiquette previous to accepting an invitation to dine out.

NOTABLE WORK

Marguerite Gage, who played Mrs. Ruggles, was required to speak almost constantly during the course of the act and the little girl's strength was taxed to the utmost, but she came through with flying colors. Then there were tableaux from "Mother Goose," "Hush-a-bye Baby," "Little Jack Horner," "Little Miss Muffet," "Jack and Jill," "Little Bo-Peep" and "Little Boy Blue" followed one another in a rapid succession of beautiful pictures. The stanzas accompanying each picture were recited by several of the little boys. The pennant drill following was another instance of the ability of the children to appreciate rhythm of movement. They shouldered and presented arms and flanked and wheeled with the precision of regulars. They were led by Fred Rossner, whose power of speech was almost perfect. He recited later and the recitation was given with all due respect to inflection and tonal values.

TRIBUTE TO DR. WESTERVELT

Rev. Dr. Charles C. Albertson, a member of the board of directors, made a brief address, in which he told of the history of the school, its foundation in 1876, at a meeting in the office of the then Mayor of Rochester, George G. Clarkson, and its successful record, down to the present day, with its almost certain plans for a newer and bigger school in the near future.

"It is not necessary for me to say," concluded Dr. Albertson, "that were it not for Dr. Westervelt's association with the school, from its beginning, its glorious 36 years of history would never have been written."

The exhibition closed with the school en masse on the stage, and the giving of the school yell by a group of the larger boys. Besides Dr. Westervelt, credit for the excellence of the school, the attainments of its pupils and for the entertainment last evening must be given to the staff of teachers.

J. Brent Williams to Chicago

J. Brent Williams, for eight years instructor in printing at the Missouri School for the Deaf, at Fulton, has accepted a very lucrative position in the advertising department of the Chicago Tribune.

Mr. Williams was for a time connected with one of the St. Louis dailies and later was advertising manager of the Tulsa (Okla.) *World*, which on his leaving for his new position, contained a flattering account of his work while connected with that paper.

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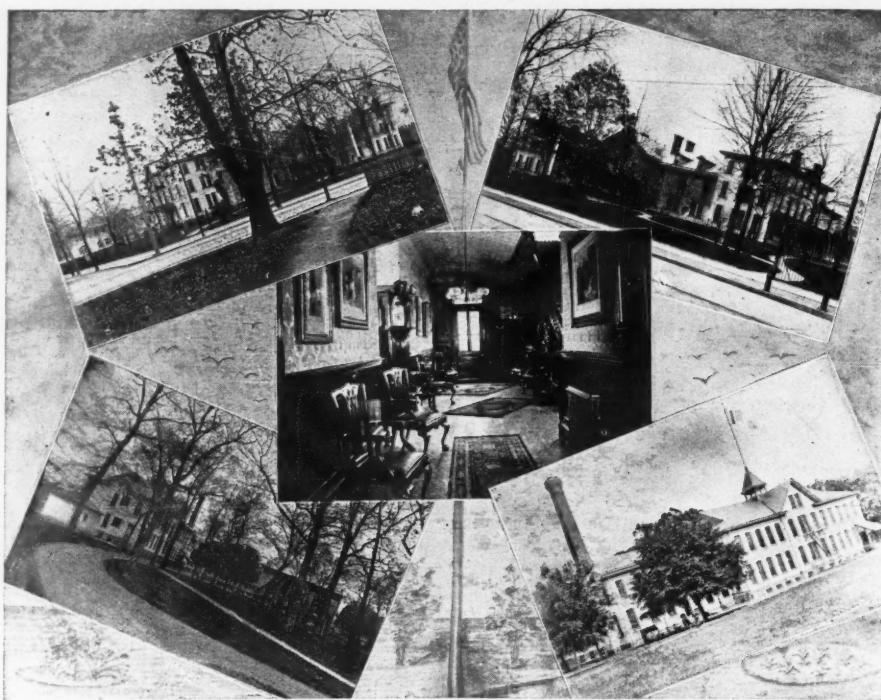
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